

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

April 22, 1964

PRICE

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HAYLEY MILLS
turns eighteen
New film, pages 8, 9

ABOUT BOYS: A father's
advice to his teenage daughter

TO MAKE: A Japanese
garden lamp and bridge

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says Mrs. Bell. "It's easy as pie to get snappy tennis whites with active Rinso suds."



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R01/21.WW144g

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 400, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 400, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

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THE WEEKLY ROUNDUP

● Wistful, sad, and hopeful, all at the same time, "Land of the Midnight Sun" (p. 17) is a typical William Saroyan story.

OUR fiction editor, Betty Nesbit, recalls meeting this American author when he briefly visited Sydney a few years ago.

In the plush foyer of a most dignified city hotel, she found a well-groomed and blue-suited man who, says Betty, "didn't seem one bit like the rebellious author of 'The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze'."

"He was most interested in Sydney," she told us, "and after we had talked for some time (about fiction, mostly), he asked me to direct him to the public library."

"He intended to spend the evening there."

★ ★ ★
● Prompted by the unusual garden pictures we've published from time to time, Mrs. M. P. Grebert, of Millaa Millaa, in North Queensland, sent us the photograph shown here.

"I thought you may be interested in the rather unusual garden belonging to my aunt and uncle in Ready Street, Rutherglen, Victoria," wrote Mrs. Grebert.

"My uncle, Mr. Wal Sheppard, has made models of lighthouses, the Eiffel Tower, fountains, and pots of various shapes and sizes out of tin scraps obtained from a tin factory."

Our Cover

● At just about 14, the guileless English actress Hayley Mills is happily at a very early future in show business. Younger daughter of film star John Mills and playwright Mary Hayley Bell, her screen performances are already highly acclaimed—and she'll soon charm Australian audiences with her latest film (pages 8 and 9).



A GREAT SOLDIER

● General Douglas MacArthur, whom America honored with a five-day mourning, will never be forgotten by Australians who were either adult or teenage during World War II.

FEW civilians ever saw more than an occasional newspaper picture of the tall, commanding figure with corncob pipe and strong, arrogant face.

But to an invasion-threatened country he symbolised the U.S. fighting men and war material that meant Australians were not alone.

Typical of the aura of glamor that surrounded this aloof, almost mystical, figure was his secret night journey from Bataan, in the beleaguered Philippines, with his young wife and small son in March, 1942.

From then, in the Australian newspapers, occasionally there would be pictures of the dominating military figure with the dark, slender girl and small, delicate boy (now a young man of 26).

Defensive thinking did not come naturally to this General, son of an American war hero father, and, from his heavily guarded headquarters, MacArthur began the plan of attack that led to victory in the Pacific.

His immediate task was to organise the defence of the South-west Pacific.

The first surprisingly pale, beautiful U.S. uniforms in the streets became familiar; there were suddenly American planes in the Australian sky, American ships in Australian harbors.

There followed the chewing-gum, the girls with glittering pompadour hairdos, and orchids pinned to their square-shouldered dresses. And those thick-soled, high-heeled, ankle-strap shoes. No one ever called them anything but "Yank-catchers."

You could never get a taxi: "the Yanks" got all the attention in restaurants.

Thinking back to the bourbon whisky, the leave passes, the shoulder-strap bags, the anxiety, the grief, and the rackets of World War II years, people remember also that "the Yanks" meant help when Australia needed help.

The first wonderful news that the enemy was being pushed back came with the Coral Sea battle in May, 1942.

Nowadays, travellers who have the area pointed out to them shudder at its nearness to Australian shores.

The fighting men in New Guinea saw MacArthur when he moved headquarters from Brisbane to Port Moresby. Despite the battle-dress, to most he was a remote, flamboyant figure.

Throughout it all, his was the great touch, not the common one.

Born in the military tradition, West Point's most brilliant graduate, called from retirement at the time of Pearl Harbor, signatory of the Japanese Peace Treaty, commander of the conquered Japanese empire, MacArthur was recalled from his Korean command in 1951 by President Truman.

He was better at giving orders than at taking them—especially when they went against his own convictions.

But despite his lack of the popular touch, the American people knew a great figure when they saw one, and gave him a hero's welcome on his return to the U.S.

Though he lived for 13 more years, it was a fitting end to his army career.



● The fighting face of General Douglas MacArthur, the U.S. soldier who led the Allied forces to ultimate victory in the Pacific in World War II.

● In tropical uniform, General MacArthur chats jovially with two Australian officers at a forward post in the bitter campaign to recapture New Guinea.



NEXT WEEK:



NEW HAIR THEMES for 1964

The latest look of beauty to come from Paris—new (and wonderful) ways to wear your hair . . .

. . . and in a special five-page section we guide you through the most up-to-the-minute coiffures.

There's a beguiling new-season style for you: How about the Flat Top? Or the Curling Coif—the Schoolgirl Look—the Peek-a-boo? Or perhaps you'll beam in a Sun Coiffure?

★ ★ ★
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FOR 3/3 PER HEAD

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It's true!

You can give a party for 60—at a total cost of less than £10.

Just think of it. Only 3/3 per head (actually, the cost is 3/2½, but we made it 3/3 to cover any price fluctuations).

There are 11 items on the menu of delicious and sustaining dishes—AND we give you a comprehensive shopping list as well as the recipes. This is a party plan minus any headaches, in finance or planning!

★ ★ ★

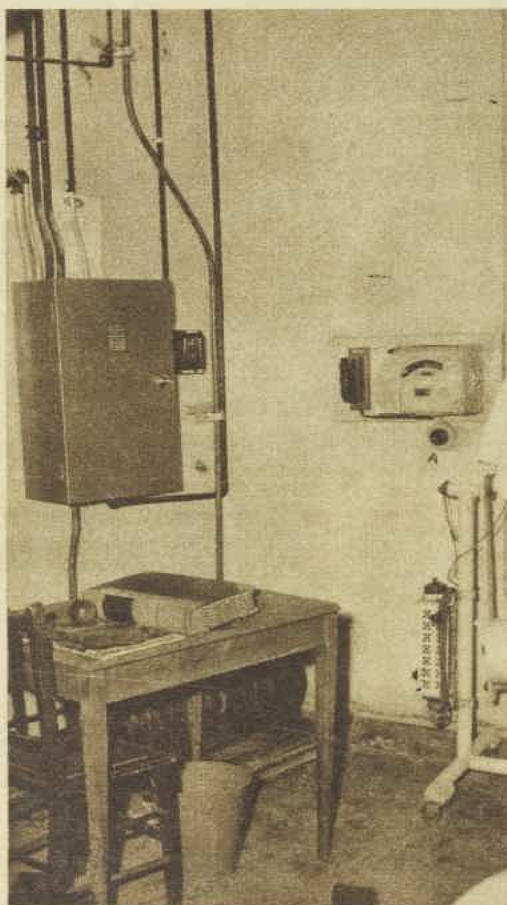
Fashion changes— in SUITS

"1964 is a good year for suits," says fashion editor Betty Keep—and she describes all the noteworthy changes (as decreed by Paris) to look for when you're choosing a new autumn winter suit.

Sydney's most crowded hospital



CLUTTER and inconvenience can't be helped in the one room that serves as lunch-room, change-room, and office for the operating-theatre team at Sydney Eye Hospital. It also houses the refrigerator in which donor eyes are stored, files, and the specimen case which the staff call their "Pathology Department."



THE NURSES' change-room and their only "rest room" is this corner of the machinery room next to the operating theatre.

Eyes are healed in a tired old building

● They say Cobb and Co. coaches used to call at a certain big boarding-house in Woolloomooloo in the 1890s, and Robert Louis Stevenson stayed there once. His room is now a ward, for the building—much the worse for wear and bulging at the seams—the Sydney Eye Hospital, where 50,000 people are helped each year.

MANY Australians spend thousands of pounds to go overseas to have operations that are performed equally well in this dilapidated old place.

I spent a day there recently, tagging along behind one of Sydney's leading ophthalmic surgeons. I came back feeling excited and proud of the skill and dedication I had seen and appalled at the conditions under which the work is done.

The morning started in the theatre. There is only one, and here 1100 operations are performed each year. A young woman was already anaesthetised and prepared for a corneal-graft operation.

She had had bad sight since her childhood in Germany, and now, at 35, a mother of two teenage sons, she would be able to see again after these Australian doctors replaced her diseased cornea.

She had been waiting months and months for this, her sight failing all the time. Operations are booked as much as eight months in advance, because only one surgeon can work at a time.

Waiting in the corridor outside were the other people to be operated on this morning. They were right in the thick of it—they could see nurses and doctors preparing to operate, hear the sounds and smell the smells of everything that the word "operation" conjures up.

After each operation the patient leaving would be wheeled past them.

A two-year-old Greek girl was crying with fear and

wouldn't be pacified. The adults were obviously nervous and distressed. It is just unpleasant for the surgeons and nurses, and they shouldn't have to wait here. But there is nowhere else in the overcrowded hospital.

Instruments were used in the single operating unit, and the surgeon was up at an old-fashioned table with out-of-date plumbing. As the doctor stitched back the eyelid, he looked around the room where the delicate and amazing operation was taking place.

The ceiling had an alarming crack; in a few places tiles had fallen off the wall and what used to be a window was boarded up with buckled plywood.

Long operation

Everything was clean and sterile. The nurses have a battle to keep it so.

But all this was forgotten as the anaesthetist, doctor, nurses, surgeon—and I—became engrossed in the operation.

The donor eye was brought out from cold storage and with delicate precision the surgeon cut away the cornea—a thin-as-paper circle that looks a bit like cellulose.

Then he cut the diseased cornea from the woman's eye and discarded it. With the finest silk (dyed dark so he could see it) and a fine needle he stitched the donor cornea in its place with tiny stitches.

A bubble of air was injected between the cornea and the iris to keep them apart and the patient was bandaged, checked, and wheeled back to bed.

Sounds easy—and so it looks. But it took two hours.



THREE DOCTORS give their time free to work in this room, which is one section of Out-patients. Waiting patients are crowded into two ante-rooms, and spill out into the corridor, the lobby, and even into the street. Old people and children must wait for hours like this.



THE BUILDING in Woolloomooloo was not planned as a hospital and long ago outgrew its function, so a new building is urgently needed.

and at no time did the surgeon's hands rest on anything. He had to cut, probe, and sew with his hands delicately poised above the eyes. And his hand had to be steady as a rock, his movements firm but gentle.

The loud whirr and rumble from the ancient air-conditioning in the machine-room (also the nurses' change-room) next door would be infuriating to a less skilled and experienced team.

After that operation the doctors and nurses had a cigarette and a cup of tea in another small ante-room. This room also serves as the

By KIRSTEN WARD

doctors' change-room and office (all reports and notes are made at a small bench in the corner). A fridge serves as an eye-bank, and a small glass case is all there is in which to keep specimens.

"The work is done, and it is well done," said one of the doctors. "But only the staff and the patients can imagine the hold-ups and inconveniences we come up against all the time."

"We could do so much more if we only had more space. It's really a scandal that something so precious as a person's ability to see should be fought for under these conditions."

The next patient in the operating theatre was the little Greek girl. Her eyes were to be examined under anesthetic.

She was born with no irises (the colored part of the eye). The doctors wanted to see if there were any other abnormalities and what chances she had.

This was a most unusual case, and with better facilities it could have been used

to teach students a great deal. As it was, a photographer was borrowed for the occasion from the main hospital in Macquarie Street (the Eye Hospital is actually a section of Sydney Hospital).

"Among many other things we badly need a photographer permanently at the Eye Hospital, but there is nowhere for him to work, even if we did get one," I was told. "We also need an X-ray unit, and..."

It boils down to the fact that Sydney Eye Hospital desperately needs new quarters.

Now it was time for the rounds of the wards. There is no private accommodation and only a few intermediate beds.

The 50 beds are put where they will fit in the dingy, high-ceilinged, old-fashioned rooms, where clean paint won't hide the fact that the whole building is old, tired, and overworked.

But even in these conditions the patients — of all ages — were politely happy to hear the doctor introduce himself and ask how things were going. Nearly all were cheerful and seemed to have absolute confidence in the staff.

"Whatever you say, Doctor," said confidently, was a phrase I heard often.

"We may not be pretty here," one doctor said, patting his patient on the back, "but we've made lots of friends, haven't we?"

"I could never thank you enough for what you've done, Doctor," he replied.

These patients have to lie absolutely quiet for as long as a fortnight, often with pads over both eyes. It seems a pity their first sight after this is the dreary room.

In one room there was the woman operated on that morning and still not out of the anesthetic, a baby of nine months with both eyes

covered, fretful and restless, and a teenage boy recovering from an accident when a lawnmower threw up a stone.

There is no recovery ward in the hospital — patients just go back to their wards still anesthetised. This is not pleasant for anyone, but until a new hospital is built it is all they can do.

There is no playroom for the children and no recreation-room for the adults — everyone must stay in his bed or at best wander about a bit. There is a piano in the patients' dining-room.

Though this is Australia's only hospital devoted entirely to eye cases, and it is a teaching hospital, there are no lecture-rooms or facilities for showing films or slides.

Night problem

One of the out-patients' waiting-rooms, with a blackboard, has to do.

The hospital has some fine equipment, but not enough of it — and nowhere to put it. One £6000 light coagulator is kept under plastic sheeting in the Female Treatment room. The steriliser had to be moved out of there because of the danger of the steam rusting the expensive machine.

The hard-worked nurses are crowded two or three to a room, and they have no recreation-room. There are 12 trainee nurses from Sydney Hospital and eight sisters.

At night there is only one night nurse and a sister. The problems are terrific when you consider many patients are either very old or very young and may be helpless for a fortnight.

After lunch (usually just a sandwich for the surgeons — there is no cafeteria at the hospital) I sat beside a doctor as he attempted to



THE WARDS are hopelessly overcrowded. Six women and the child in the cot shared this room. Children and babies are put in any ward that has room for a cot, and there is no play-room for them. A baby, a teenage boy, and a woman just out from an operation were in one room when our reporter made her visit.

see his quota of the 250 out-patients waiting.

The doctor, who gives his time free of charge to the hospital, shared the room with two other doctors, the sister in charge, and about ten patients sitting on benches in the middle.

These patients were the spill from those in the corridors, who were in turn the spill from the crowded waiting-rooms. The lobby, too, was packed with people, and there was a queue right out to the footpath.

Many people had been waiting since 10 in the morning, and might not be able to go home till six that night. The sister tries to get the children seen to first, but it is also hard for the very elderly to sit all day on the benches.

They become hungry, uncomfortable, irritable, and there is nothing to do but

think about what will happen "if Doctor can't help me."

In this typical afternoon the doctor interviewed people with glaucoma, eye ulcers, suspected retina detachments, cataracts, and many who were back for a check-up after an operation or recovering from an accident to their eyes.

Personal queries

In between seeing some 50 patients he has to make notes and reports on each case at his desk. It is difficult to ask personal, though important, questions because of the overcrowding. He cannot make an examination demanding complete darkness. When he wants to use the slit-lamp he shares with other doctors, he has to ask some of the patients to move so that he can get at it.

"As the population in-

creases we will naturally have more patients," a doctor said.

"And as the average life-span increases eyes have to last longer."

Thousands of adults — and children — suffering from any kind of eye disease, or victims of an accident in industry or the home, will come to the hospital and depend on the training, experience, and facilities there to make the difference between sight and blindness.

The hospital is desperately in need of more staff, more equipment, and, above all, more room.

April 19 is Save Our Sight Sunday, and on that day someone will knock on your door and ask you to contribute what you can toward the first stage of a new hospital, a hospital you or your family may need.

New *Le Gay* Hair Spray

holds for hours...

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Le Gay hair spray is truly a hair spray with a touch of genius! Le Gay hair spray highlights the natural loveliness of your hair. Whether your hair is easy-to-manage or hard-to-hold, Le Gay hair spray will gently hold it just the way you like it. Le Gay hair spray keeps your hair style as poised and perfect as it is when you leave your mirror!

There is no risk of filmy build-up no matter how often you re-spray and re-style your hair with Le Gay. When you brush out Le Gay hair spray you will find your hair shining clean and beautifully conditioned.



The New
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Formula

AVAILABLE ONLY FROM YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST.

The most romantic of the Royal babies

● With a second baby soon to be added to the household at Number 1A Kensington Palace, the spotlight is again focused on Margaret and Tony . . .

By
Joan Wilkinson

OF Royalty's new 1964 babies, two born, two yet to be born, the one that interests me most is the second child of Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon.

Their baby is due on April 27.

Did any baby, other than its own brother, ever have more romantic background? A match between a British princess and a commoner with a flair for photography . . .

England was certainly setting the ears when that engagement was announced.

Winter temperatures of February, 1960, were lingering into March as headlines touted the coming marriage.

I remember stamping my way across Hyde Park and up Constitution Hill in the bitter cold to gaze up at the great old Buckingham Palace, where Princess Margaret had lived as daughter of the King and Queen of England.

Then I turned up The Mall to stare thoughtfully at Clarence House, her home since her sister's coronation.

A few days later passing along Piccadilly Street, S.W.1, by bus, I found myself momentarily at the door of No. 20, the modest studio-flat which had been Antony Armstrong-Jones' home until a few days ago.

The contrast was more than obvious, and the question enormous: could such a marriage succeed?

I wanted to know what the ordinary person thought about it all, so out I went into freezing London to find out . . .

I talked to dozens of people. There was the old lady sheltering under my umbrella in Bayswater Road as we waited for a No. 12 bus to Oxford Circus. Did she think it was a good idea?

"Well no, he is not the right type, you see," she said quietly. "How will he fit into Royalty? And he is giving up his job and that's wrong. But then — I saw them on TV at the Charity Performance and he did very well that young man, his first time when he couldn't be just natural. And her pretty face so alive, not like it used to be . . . Well we can only wait and see."

In Bond Street, a London bobby, very tall and official, was non-committal. "They're well matched," he said.

Neither could I get a thick-set genial European in Noel Street to expand

"What's it to me if the Princess gets engaged," he said with a shrug of superbly tailored shoulders.

"It's not my business, is it? I save my worry for when one of my friends gets himself engaged."

It was cold and wet and I headed for a Lyons' Tea Shop in the Strand, where I shared a table with a very well-brushed black Homburg. The Homburg stared at me with well-bred curiosity as I put my question.

Perfectly right

"The Princess is perfectly right," he said. "The son of the Princess Royal, Lord Harewood, has done much the same thing, married a commoner. I believe they are very happy."

The other man at the table, rather like an elderly Chopin, declined to answer my questions. "I am noo consarned, lass," he remarked severely. "It's noo ma beeznuss, is it?" The rebuke courteous.

I retired in disorder to wash my hands beneath Charing Cross Station. There two motherly attendants in speckled white uniforms had just got off their feet to enjoy a cup of coffee over their piles of fresh hand-towels. "Do you think it will work?" I said.

"Well, I don't know," said one. "If they would let them alone . . . I mean the girl's all right and the chap's all right."

"That's right, Mrs. Dower, dear," said the other. "They should be let alone. That young man, if he was the Archangel Gabriel they would think up some muck against 'um! A lady coming in here started on him to me about one of his models, I shut the lady up quick."

I asked how the Princess' fiancé was going to fill in his time. "Well they might have a job for the young man in the Palace, a secretary or something."

"I don't envy them one bit," said Mrs. Dower. "I would rather have my job here. No, I wouldn't have their life for anything."

"Anyway," sighed her companion, "the young man wouldn't have either of us for anything . . ."

"Oh go on, do!" cried Mrs. Dower amiably above her soft double chins. "You would put the tin pot on it!"

On the corner of Adam

Street I stopped to warm my hands where a barrowman was roasting chestnuts over red coals. "Oh yes, very pleased," he said warmly. "She has got to get married some time. She can't expect to live on her mother always."

"The main thing is she has found the person she loves, that's the main thing in life, isn't it? I think they will be all right together. Be a bit like learning a new trade for him—getting to be Royal. But 'e's got politeness already and that's all he needs. It's nice for her. She is a very nice woman."

At the vegetable markets in Covent Garden a Cockney barrowman dumped another string sack of brilliant carrots on to his barrow and wagged his head gently.

"It's definitely a love match," he said. "I fink she's the most attractive woman in the 'ole of England." And a second and taller barrowman nearby nodded vigorously.

I spoke of the Princess' young man giving up his job.

"'E can go on wiv it as 'obby, carn 'e?" said the

Brother David waiting, too

LORD SNOWDON is making certain that everything is ready for the new arrival at Kensington Palace.

Every detail of the superbly efficient modern nursery has been checked. Tony designed all its furniture, made some.

And Tony and Margaret have seen to it that their son, David, nearly 2½, is ready to welcome the new baby.

His nanny, Miss Sumner, has taken him regularly to meet and mix with other children in Kensington Gardens.

And Nanny has made a point of lifting him up to have a peep at tiny babies being wheeled in their prams.

As well, young David has all the joy and security of a happy home. Breakfast, for instance, which he shares with his father. (Mother has hers on a tray in her room.)

Father and son play the egg game:

David turns his empty eggshell upside down in the eggcup — and Tony bashes it on the head with his spoon. And the house rings with the little boy's shrieks of delight at the success of his joke.



little man. "They won't take away 'is 'obby. Take away a man's 'obby and you take away 'is life."

The taller one nodded his head. "Wot," he sympathised, "is life wivah a foo'ball pool?"

"Tha's right," the other went on. "An' 'e'll be all right in the Palace—'e knows 'ow to be'ave."

"I dunno," said the tall one past his cigarette. "'E's come up to it a bit sudden-like. Test anybody's constitution. 'E can keep on trying it in amachewer style, but can he keep on doin' it proper?"

"'E'll do it," said the little man reassuringly. "'E can get used to Royal ways like the other one 'ad to, like Philip 'ad to."

A street sweeper, who had been standing by with his wet barrow and broom, tipped back his cap and examined me carefully.

"I should fink the young man will 'ave a strong will and keep on doin' what 'e likes," he said. "One fink me old dad taught me—the man always wears the trousers. It's an understandin' they'll 'ave to come to."

It was coming out of Lyons' into the draught of Coventry Street that I happened on Cyril, the man from Yorkshire. Cyril sells papers there under a very black, old cap.

"I've got nothin' to say," he announced belligerently. "I've got no time for it. In my opinion that y'ung man'll be led a dog's life. Why? Because 'e won't be able to open 'is mahth, that's why. How do I know?—be-

cause I'm the man 'oo was fined two pahnd over the Queen's baby, that's why!"

I didn't see the connection.

"All right then I'll tell you," said Cyril fiercely, and putting a weight on his pile of windy papers he brought out of a pocket an old wallet, and handed me a newspaper clipping and a receipt from Bow Street Police Court for £2. "That's why," he said very offended. "'Edlines in three papers."

His "Edlines"

The clipping reported the arrest of Cyril in Piccadilly, August, 1959, for insulting the Queen of England. Cyril was most indignant about it.

"Up in the north where I cum from there'd a been nothin' said," he complained. I studied the clipping again. "Look," I said, "How would you tell your friends if your own wife was having a baby?"

"Just like I did then," he said very heated, pointing to the clipping. "I'd tell 'em me wife was in the fum-ily way."

Cyril had stood out in Piccadilly with his papers hot off the press, calling — "Queen in the family way!"

I returned to Princess Margaret's engagement. "I've got nothin' against 'im," said Cyril fairly. "But in my opinion if she murrries 'im she murrries 'im. And I'll tell y' this! Back in August when they 'ad me up in court I forecast this murrly-age to the magistrate."

"I sez—'Wull, I've forecast the Queen's baby and now I'm forecastin' that Princess Margaret will be

THE SNOWDONS, off to visit her in-laws . . . at Plas Dinas, the North Wales home of Tony's father and step-mother. The holiday was also a birthday celebration for Tony. He was 34 on March 7.

murrried. 'How do you know that?' sez the magistrate. 'The stars are tellin' me,' I sez. 'Two pahnd fine,' sez the magistrate, 'Next case.' See wot I mean? — they'll turn y'ung man into a Lord. . . ."

In Paris two months later I was strolling down the wide Rue de Rome one evening when, ahead, high up, the day's top headlines came scooting in great electric letters around the top of a tall building: "TONI — A — REFUSE — D'ETRE — ENNOBLI."

So Tony Armstrong-Jones had refused a title! Well, I said to myself, Cyril's wrong this time.

But I owe Cyril an apology.

Because, 16 months later, and shortly before the birth on November 3, 1961, of David Albert Charles, Viscount Linley, Antony Armstrong-Jones became the Earl of Snowdon.

The birth to the Queen of Prince Andrew, the marriage of Princess Margaret, the elevation of Armstrong-Jones to the peerage.

I wonder if the dizziness of such success will have egged Cyril on in 1964 to predict another son — or would he have it a daughter? — for Kensington Palace.



HAYLEY:

HAYLEY MILLS, who will be 18 on April 18, will delight her Australian fans in a new Disney film, "Summer Magic," to be released by M.G.M. in Sydney and Melbourne in time for the May school holidays, later in other capitals.

Teenager Hayley, whose film career began with "Tiger Bay" when she was 13, was top lady of Britain's box office last year.

In "Summer Magic," her fourth Disney film, she is the gay, funny, sad youngster who shapes her family's fortunes.

The family — mother Carey (Dorothy McGuire), daughter Nancy (Hayley), and brothers Gilly and Peter (Eddie Hodges and Jim Mathers) — are left almost destitute by the father's death and have to leave their lovely house in Boston.

Nancy remembers a beautiful yellow house they had once seen and loved in Beulah, Maine. With the co-operation of kindly Osh Popham (Burl Ives), the Careys go to live in the yellow house. But they are always afraid the wealthy owners may reappear and want it back . . .

The film is based on the novel "Mother Carey's Chickens."

HAYLEY (above) as Nancy Carey posing with co-actor shaggy dog Sam between scenes of Walt Disney's new ragtime-era family comedy, "Summer Magic." Sam is the boarder that Nancy's young brother, Peter (Jim Mathers), takes in at 25 cents a week.

NANCY thanks Osh Popham (Burl Ives) for what he has done to help her family, while Mother (Dorothy McGuire) looks on amazed, since all the "fixing" has been done secretly by Nancy and Osh. The technicolor film has seven gay, catchy hit songs.



NOW 18, SHE STARS IN FOURTH DISNEY FILM



COUSIN JULIE (left), played by Deborah Walley, is the "other girl" in "Summer Magic." She comes to live with the Careys, is given young Peter's bed, and is terrified when Sam crawls through the window and into bed.

HAYLEY (above) as Nancy in her party best, with the handsomest and richest young man in town, Tom Hamilton, who is played by Peter Brown, and Osh (Burl Ives). It turns out that Tom's family owns the old Yellow House.



DRESSED for the job (left), Nancy Carey gets to work paper-hanging, part of the formidable job of renovating the Yellow House, where the Careys are living for only 60 dollars (about £28) a year, thanks to Nancy's scheming.

HAPPY ENDING. Nancy dances with Tom at the Hallowe'en Dance. She discovers who he really is, and knows that her family is safe in the Yellow House. She finds she is just as pretty and popular as her glamorous cousin Julie.

Investment Guide

This week: MORE BREWING

By MARY BROKER

● The step from foods to drink seems to me a fairly logical one. Since we have just discussed Life Savers and Cottee's, I thought I could move on to some good brewing companies.

ALREADY I have talked about Tooths and Castlemaine Perkins, and the two I want to point out to you today are of the same type as the latter.

That is, they are both old-established companies with steady records of profits and dividends and are both situated in States just beginning to reveal their full potential.

The first is The Swan Brewery Co. Ltd., which, of course, takes its name from the Swan River that runs through Perth.

Western Australia has always been a little bit of an underdog among the other States, with such a big area and a relatively sparse population.

There have always been the big mining companies on the "Golden Mile" at Kalgoorlie, but it is only now that Western Australia is developing into a growth State.

Big iron-ore deposits have been discovered in the Hamersley Ranges, and there is the North-west Cape tracking station.

All of these factors naturally will attract people to the State, and the Swan Brewery is one company which stands to benefit.

Established in 1887, the company has an unblemished record. Even during the Depression of the 1930s, dividend was never lower than 14 per cent.

It seems to me to be under excellent management and—a very big mark in its favor—gives plenty of thought to shareholders' interests.

Solid hold

Since its inception, Swan Brewery has followed a policy of swallowing its competitors whole—i.e., acquiring a majority shareholding.

In this way its hold in the State has become almost absolute. As well, breweries and hotels have been set up in the Northern Territory, giving it another big potential market.

Results for the current year should be out within the next two or three months. I have no doubt my confidence will be justified.

In the last year to March 26, 1963, profit rose by 18 per cent, from £604,000 to a record £714,000. This was equal to an earning rate of 17.4 per cent. on higher average capital compared with 15.1 per cent. in the previous 12 months.

Dividend was raised for the second time in three years—from 12½ per cent. to 15 per cent. Reserves were £4.2 million, compared with ordinary capital of £4.1 million.

Several acquisitions were made during the year, including a company with six hotels in Geraldton and two freehold hotels in Carnarvon and Albany.

A big innovation two years ago was the construction of a beer-canning line, to provide packaging to suit the overseas markets (Swan exports to 42 countries).

The canning line came into operation almost at the beginning of the last financial year and has apparently been extremely successful. In fact, the chairman said that the line's "output and financial results exceeded expectation."

I have no hesitation in recommending this company to you at the current price of 27/6. Including brokerage and other charges, 100 5/- shares would cost about £140 for a dividend return of £3/17/6 a year.

Good value

Now for the second company: The South Australian Brewing Co. Ltd. Their shares are slightly cheaper at 21/5, but I feel they would really prove good value.

South Australian Brewing is the only brewing company in South Australia. It also supplies Broken Hill, which, with its big mining population, would appear to be an excellent market.

The company's financial year ends on February 28, so this is another one whose results will soon be seen.

Last year profit rose by 21 per cent, from £441,000 to a new record £535,000, giving an earning rate of 11.7 per cent. on capital.

However, the reason I really want to interest you in this company is the following: A new Companies Act was introduced in 1961 in most States.

Under the new Act, companies are required to disclose taxation and depreciation provisions, which, of course, can make a big difference to profit.

For the first time, this year South Australian companies are ruled by the new Act, and, in the case of South Australian Brewery, I feel a great amount of previously hidden wealth will be disclosed, with resultant upsurge in profits.

At current prices the shares look cheap. Bonuses have been generous in the past, the last being a 3-5 bonus in 1959. Since bonuses have recently been made every four years, another one would not surprise. One hundred 5/- shares would cost you £110.

I strongly recommend both shares to you.

Ita Buttrose's

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

DETAILS of Jill Lugsdin's wedding gown are being kept a close secret, but her attendants—her sisters Brenda and Del Lugsdin, Mrs. Richard Golsby, and Hough—will all wear long lilac gowns and white mink muffs trimmed with mauve orchids.

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Lugsdin, of "Cobbara Station," Cobbara, Jill will marry Henry Rouse at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on May 20, with a reception afterwards for 200 guests at Menzies Hotel.

The Lugsdins will come down on May 16 and will stay in a flat at Double Bay until the wedding. Mrs. Lugsdin is anxiously waiting to see the wedding cake, which she made herself and which is now in Sydney being iced.

Henry, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Rouse, of "Bungaba," Leadville, will be attended by Brian Rouse, Bob Callow, Richard Bloomfield, and Ian Rouse.

After their honeymoon he and Jill will make their home on "Bungaba," in a little cottage not far from the main house.



FROM England comes this picture of Mr. and Mrs. Ross Gladstone Jones leaving the Holy Trinity Church, Knightsbridge, London, after their wedding. The bride was Miss Denise Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miller, of Bellevue Hill, and the bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Gladstone Jones, of Strathfield. The couple will honeymoon in Spain.



ABOVE. Mr. John Rogers, of "Avoca," Glen Innes, and his bride, formerly Miss Jenny Burgess, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Burgess, of Binnaway, after their marriage at the Holy Trinity Church, at Glen Innes.

AT RIGHT. Mr. and Mrs. John Cordukes (couple on left) and Mr. John Merrilees at the dinner dance held in Ellinis to aid the Surf Life Saving Association of Australia. Mrs. Cordukes wore a long slim-fitting mauve silk gown.



MRS. KEN COHEN has her hands full at the moment choosing menus and decorations for two parties she and her husband will give at their Pymble home. The first one, on April 24, will celebrate their wedding anniversary; the second, on May 1, will be a farewell party giving ourselves a send-off," she explained. The Cohen family will leave in May to attend the International Conference, which will be held in Mexico in June. They will tour the United States before going on to another conference in Tokyo in July. Among guests at the party will be Mr. and Mrs. Jack Davoren—Mrs. Davoren is president of the Lewisham Hospital Auxiliary—organising a night at the Music Hall, Neutral Bay, on April 27. She's hoping 300 people will see the show, which is called "The Evil Men Do."

I HEAR that the Bob Stephens have decided to move from their town flat at Edgecliff their permanent home. They've sold their house at Palm Beach—where they lived for the past two and a half years—and are now settling in. Mrs. Stephen is in the throes of redecorating and for the past week has been studying color charts and selecting new wallpapers.

"A LITTLE get-together" is the way Mrs. Stening describes the luncheon she is giving at home on April 15. "We haven't seen each other for a while, I thought it would be a good idea to catch up on the latest news," she said. There'll be two guests of honor, Mrs. David Klippel, who's just returned from six months overseas, and Mrs. Laurence Merson, who is making her home in Canberra. Her husband, Commodore Merson, is taking up a new position there at the end of the month. "He'll do a bit of preliminary house-hunting until I join him in May, when I'll have a look at myself," Mrs. Merson told me. "And we're keeping our house at Clifton Gardens and will probably spend some of our weekends in Sydney," she added.

A HOLIDAY overseas is being planned by Mrs. Arnott, of "Coolah Creek," Coolah, and Mrs. Storton, of "Stormont," Moree. They're leaving by air on May 1 and their itinerary includes stopovers in Hong Kong, Beirut, Athens, Vienna, Portugal, and Paris. Mrs. Arnott will return home in three months, but Mrs. Storton will be staying a little longer, as she's meeting her daughter Jane, in London in August. She will come home a few months later, after settling Jane into Mon Fertile Farming School in Switzerland.

LOVELY items in Margaret Young's trousseau include embroidered sheets and pillowcases and white and linen tablecloths which she bought on a recent night's holiday in Hong Kong and Japan. Margaret announced her engagement to John McCoy, of Lindfield, and they're planning to marry early next year. On May 2 they'll be congratulated by 50 of their friends at a formal dinner dance which Margaret's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Young, will give at their Lindfield home.

FROM England comes news of artist Ben Hall. Diane Wallis, who were married quietly in London last month. Diane is the daughter of Mr. John Wallis of Kirribilli, and of Mrs. E. V. Wallis, of Northwood. Ben (whose real name is John) is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Hall, of "Glenvalley," Dubbo. The couple will return to Sydney in a star's time.

MRS. CASSIE GODFREY, who's been holidaying for five weeks, will be returning to England on May 14. An Australian, Mrs. Godfrey has been living in Knightsbridge, London, for the past 10 years, and visited Sydney four years ago. Before her departure she will spend a short holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Godfrey of Michelago, and her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Comerford, of "Brudle Park," Moree.



NEWLY WED Major John Southwell and his bride, formerly Miss Susan Le Good, in the 19th-century buggy in which they left the reception. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Le Good, of "Meadows," The Oaks. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. H. C. Southwell, of "Nepean House," Camden, and the late Mr. Southwell.



BRIDAL GROUP. Major and Mrs. Southwell with their attendants (from left), best man Mr. David Southwell, flowergirl Anne Ross, and bridesmaids Miss Caroline Jennings, Miss Anthea Thomson, and Miss Anne Stanham, photographed in the gardens of "Camden Park." Major and Mrs. Southwell will live at "Benwerrin," near Camden.

WEDDING at COBBITTY

● Two hundred and fifty guests attended a reception at Lady Stanham's lovely home, "Camden Park," Menangle, after the wedding of Major and Mrs. John Southwell at historic St. Paul's Church, Cobbitty.



ABOVE. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs. H. C. Southwell (left), with the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Le Good, admired the three-tier wedding cake which was topped with a small basket filled with fresh flowers.

BELOW. Lady Stanham (centre) with Miss Bubbles Bell, of "Mostowie," Petrie, Queensland, and the bride's godmother, Miss Aileen Bell, of "Coochin Coochin," Boonah, Queensland (right), at the wedding reception.



WEDDING guests Mr. and Mrs. Pat Saunders, of "Oakfield," Mudgee, at "Camden Park." Mrs. Saunders wore a full-length Thai silk coat over a full-skirted chiffon dress. Her fluted-brimmed straw hat was accented with matching chiffon.

AT RIGHT. Major and Mrs. Neil Macarthur-Onslow (couple on left) and Miss Prue Prevost at Lady Stanham's home. They were among Sydney, country, and interstate guests welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Le Good to "Camden Park."



Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 22, 1964

Tiger-eating Man!



No man-eating tiger ever attacked his food with more relish than you will when you sample the incomparable mild-yet-zesty flavour of Tiger Swiss Gruyere Cheese!

A wonderfully nourishing snack on-the-job, at home — anywhere!



Creamy Tiger Gruyere is available in the familiar triangle wedges, also in sandwich slices and bars. Buy some today!

Genuine Switzerland
TIGER
GRUYERE CHEESE

FLOAT YOUR FEET ON SCHOTEX FOAM

Dr. Scholl's Air-Pills involve make walking a new experience. Millions of tiny air cells cushion every step, protect calluses. Made of Schotex, air-ventilated foam. 3/6 per pair, men's and women's. When you visit your chemist or store...
Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLS INVOLVE
Like walking on pillows

This Ends CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads lift shoe pressure, stop friction, end pain fast. Medicated discs included soften, loosen corns for quick removal. It's so easy, so fast, so safe. Only 3/6 per pair. Sizes also for Calluses, Bunions. When you visit your chemist or store...
Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS

Dr. Scholl's ZINO PADS



LETTER BOX

We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Music as they swot

LIKE "Nameless" (N.S.W.), I, too, blame the hit parades for my daughter's failure in three exam subjects. But this year I am trying to take a greater interest in her studies and find she is now more ready to do well herself. The hit parades still blare forth, but not so frequently.

£1/1/- to "Tried It" (name supplied), Ipswich, Qld.

ALLOW your son to listen to his hit parades between study periods as a break. As a student who has passed the Leaving in all subjects and is at present doing further study, I have found that it is possible to do homework with the radio on, but silence is absolutely a must for straight-out study.

£1/1/- to "Pops and Swot" (name supplied), Brunswick, Vic.

DETERMINED to pass his exam, my son tried for perfect swotting conditions. But a few evenings in a near-soundproof room proved the very worst. "There is always some noise in classrooms and traffic din from outside," he said. "Please leave the radio (banned before) fairly low. I don't listen, but it gives the background noise I need."

£1/1/- to "Background" (name supplied), Houghton, S.A.

LAST year I was threatened with wireless annihilation when my daughter studied for her junior exam with the hit parades on all the time. She passed eight subjects out of nine, so I didn't have a leg to stand on. I'm wondering how the next exams will turn out, as we now eat, sleep, and drink The Beatles.

£1/1/- to "Wireless Sufferer" (name supplied), Kalgoolie, W.A.

ACCORDING to my son, who is doing his final exams, a quiet room is a necessity for study. My daughter, who is two years younger, works in a room with the wireless or TV on in the background and still obtains credits in most subjects. When both do so well, who am I to question?

£1/1/- to "Take Your Pick" (name supplied), West Tamar, Tas.

OUR children will have to learn to work with noise when they go out into the world. My son had his radio going full blast while he studied. He finished last year with five subjects (three credits) in his Leaving honors.

£1/1/- to "Resigned" (name supplied), Woodville, S.A.

Back to school

AT 40 and with my children at high-school standard, I am deriving a great deal of pleasure from re-learning subjects that had seemed dull at 14. I had thought any knowledge I possessed had been buried years ago beneath a mountain of nappies and feeding-bottles. Now I borrow textbooks to do some private swotting. It has a double benefit, because the children feel that if Mum finds the stuff interesting it must be worth learning.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. I. Willey, Wilston, Qld.

Coffee-cup weather forecast

TO get my weather forecast I mix my instant-coffee in the usual way, drop in a lump of sugar, and, without stirring, watch the bubbles rise. If they collect in the centre it is going to be fine. If they go to the side, forming a ring, it will rain. If they spread, changeable weather can be expected.

£1/1/- to D. Shearer, Toowoomba, Qld.

They still haven't met

IN reply to Sandra Wade (Vic.), who wrote of country people being more friendly than city ones: I have lived in this country town for four years. I know Mrs. Noname's children quite well, her husband and mine are good friends. I have spoken to Mrs. Noname over the telephone on numerous occasions. We live one street away from this family, yet I have never met Mrs. Noname in person.

£1/1/- to "Chameleon" (name supplied), S.A.

The young clod-hoppers

AT a recent mothers' meeting, to my amazement, I found that all 27 of the ladies present (in the 30-40 age-group) took a smaller-size shoe than their daughters. I am wondering if this means that our Australian girls are turning into a nation of clod-hoppers.

£1/1/- to "Clementine" (name supplied), West Brunswick, Vic.

A proud people

WHEN she suggested that aborigines should serve in souvenir shops at air and overseas shipping terminals, it did not seem to occur to Mrs. P. (N.S.W.) that they may not care to sit in souvenir shops along with the koalas and kangaroos for all the tourists to stare at. They are also people, and they have pride.

£1/1/- to Miss Jillian Barbour, French's Forest, N.S.W.



OPEN (?) ROAD

Keep Left, No Entry, and No Right Turn.
Oh, for a vacant stretch to burn
Out of the forest of traffic lights,
Where even a driver can see the sights,
Out where there's never a sign to say
Bus Stop, Taxi, or Tow Away,
On a dappled road where you smell the trees
Or catch a scent of the sea on the breeze.

You smile as you think what you fondly supposed,
With your foot on the brake at Half Road
Closed,
For there's plenty to read though it states instead
Loose Gravel, Soft Edges, and Workmen Ahead.

— Dorothy Drain

When to tell

IF, faced with the fact of having an incurable illness and not long to live, does one tell one's children, and at what age? Or is it wiser to wait for the inevitable? What has the least harmful effect?

£1/1/- to "Anxious" (name supplied), Windsor, N.S.W.

Goggles for onions

AT last, after many years of crying when peeling onions I have found the perfect answer. I slip on my goggles, peel or cut the onions, and there's never a tear.

£1/1/- to "Problem Solved" (name supplied), Bay Hill, N.S.W.

For him — shampoo and a manicure

ALTHOUGH he considers himself a he-man, my husband always borrows my manicure set every morning to tidy his nails and uses the baby's hair shampoo to wash his hair.

£1/1/- to "Tough Guy" (name supplied), Holland Park, Brisbane.

Family of bowlers

CAN any family of bowlers beat this? I am one of a family of nine—two boys and seven girls. Six of us girls play bowls, all skippers, and one brother is an interstate bowler. Three of us play for the Morwell Club, one at Heyfield, one at Yallourn, and one at Balwyn. I have been playing for 16 years. Our eldest sister plays croquet.

£1/1/- to Grace Crozier, Morwell, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

SUE HOSKINS, 11, was talking to her mother.

"I'd like you to come to school and meet my new teacher when you've had your perm, Mum," she said.

She made it clear that her mother's present hairdo was not up to the standard expected at school.

Mrs. Hoskins, who has four daughters, discussed the problem with her friends.

"The girls are very critical of my grooming," she said. "The trouble is it costs so much to meet their requirements."

She mentioned her muu-muu as an example.

She was hoping to get some more wear out of it last summer. But her youngest daughter told her: "You look a rare in your muu-muu, Mum."

Gloria, the teenage eldest, complained that Mrs. Hoskins' heels were not high enough. "Only zombs wear those half-low heels now, Mum," she said.

In an effort to please them, Mrs. Hoskins bought a black mohair sweater and some taupe stretch

A DRESSING-DOWN

pants. She hoped to acquire the fashionable sulky look.

To her dismay the outfit was very unpopular.

"Let's face it, Mum, there's nothing worse than an oldie in stretch pants," said Gloria.

A friend asked Mrs. Hoskins: "How on earth do the girls expect you to dress?"



"I think they want me to look like Mrs. Exeter, the smart older woman," she said gloomily.

Mrs. Hoskins' case is typical of the trend today. In the past, we are told, women dressed to please men. Now they dress to appease their daughters.

A few shops and hairdressers are waking up to this.

The Andre Jones Hair Salon, in our district, likes daughters to give

advice on their mothers' hair styling.

Sally Ann Biggs took her mother there last week.

"I want you to shorten Mum's hair a bit, Andre," she said. "It's too casual and beatniky. What I have in mind is a neat, close-to-the-head style. I want it to look good, because she's picking me up at the McDills' place after their barbecue."

Mrs. Biggs said timidly she would like a Cleopatra cut, but the idea was hit on the head.

Stores and garment makers, if they are smart, will angle their selling methods to stress daughter-approval.

I suggest ads such as: "This little dress will turn heads on Speech Day."

"Mother, YOU can be the belle of the school fete."

"Let your Girl Guide be proud of you."

Some impulsive mothers are tempted to experiment with odd clothes — cartwheel hats, off-the-shoulder peasant blouses, or split-level cheongsams. But they should remember that in the long run daughter knows best.

WORTH REPORTING

TWO frosty-haired brothers — retired Sydney businessmen — have just completed their annual self-imposed task. They've made more than 5000 small wooden crosses.

Each cross will honor an individual serviceman or servicewoman during Anzac Week. They'll be planted in the Field of Remembrance in the grounds of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, by the ones who remember.

The brothers, 73-year-old Mr. Austin Parle and Mr. Harold Parle ("I'm a bit younger") are alike even to the twinkle behind their horn-rimmed glasses.

Austin Parle recalled the Anzac Day 12 years ago when he "put himself in" for the annual chore.

"I was walking by St. Andrew's Cathedral when I saw the Field of Remembrance," he said. "That was the year Mrs. Pope (she was the widow of Rear-Admiral Pope) started it."

"I got a cross for my son, Warren, who was killed in World War II. Mrs. Pope asked me what I thought of the crosses."

"I told her I didn't think much of them... they had been made by a lot of different people, were all shapes and sizes."

"Mrs. Pope was a very direct lady. 'Could you do better?' she asked me..."

Mr. Parle got plywood donated, measured, cut. Then he made several thousand crosses for the 1953 Field of Remembrance.

Brother Harold—a veteran of both World Wars and holder of the Military Cross

and M.B.E.—took over the carpentering five years ago after Austin suffered a heart attack. But Austin still does the painting.

The late Mrs. C. J. Pope inaugurated the Anzac Field of Remembrance after attending the London service, held each November in Westminster Abbey.

The N.S.W. Branch of the War Widows' Guild has assisted Mrs. Pope over the years by conducting the kiosk at which the public obtain the crosses.

Mrs. Pope died late last year, and the War Widows' Guild, which for years has run the kiosk at which the crosses are obtained, has taken over her task.

After the Service of Consecration—a non-denominational service which is always held in the Cathedral on the Sunday before Anzac Day—leaders of the three Services and representatives of the War Widows' Guild and the T.P.I. each plant a large cross. (These, too, are made by the Parle brothers.)

This year, the Governor-General, Lord de L'Isle, will plant the first cross.

Austin and Harold Parle have already started making next year's crosses.

"We're a bit on the skids," Harold said. "We may not be here in another few years."

"We want to make enough for about five more Anzac Days so that the War Widows won't be left in the lurch," Austin added.

"But we'd like some young group to get interested."

"We'll show them the ropes so that they could carry on after we're gone."



Austin (left) and Harold Parle, of Sydney. They've made thousands of small wooden crosses for the Anzac Field of Remembrance.

Greetings in braille

RECEIVING birthday, Christmas, get-well cards is one of those little pleasures we're very apt to take for granted.

But have you ever thought what a blind person is missing? Hearing someone else read the greeting isn't quite the same.

The Ladies' Committee for the Talking Books for the Blind Auxiliary is now offering a special service to blind people and people who have blind friends. They can buy, for sixpence each, cards for every possible occasion.

Personal messages can be included on the card in

braille, and scented or unscented cards are available.

The cards are sent post free in boxes; they can't be sent in envelopes because the raised contours of the braille are sometimes flattened.

Mrs. Van Cleef, a member of the committee, brailles the cards herself on a machine she has at home.

"It takes me only two minutes to do one card," she said.

"We've raised some money for the cards and boxes. But we'd be glad for more nylon stocking boxes — we often use those."

Anyone wishing to send a braille card to a blind friend can contact Mrs. Van Cleef at 17 Wyde Street, Potts Point, N.S.W.

Screen lover for Soraya

THIS month of April is one of great heart-burning suspense and hope for three young American actors.

Their names are still top secret, but their photographs are being carefully perused behind the walls of an ancient villa outside Rome.

The woman is Princess Soraya, once Queen of Persia.

As a potential film star, she has the complete right of veto on the casting of the young man who will play her first screen love scenes with her.

Producer Dino di Laurentiis made a quiet trip to America and interviewed many young actors.

He returned with pictures of three potential stars—one from the stage, one from TV, and one from films.

All three have these things in common: they are American, good-looking, can speak with a Texan accent, and are not too well known.

That last attribute will en-



PRINCESS SORAYA.

sure that Soraya will have no competition for publicity.

"When the Princess," said a representative from the studio (which now always refers to Soraya as "the Princess"), "decides which of the three she thinks is the most suitable candidate, Mr. di Laurentiis will send for him to make a screen test with her in Rome."

With the shooting due to begin on May 1 there is no time to lose. Soraya has

speeded up her training in preparation for her D-Day.

Shortly after her screen test a year ago she took her present villa with her mother, Eva Esfandiary, and then engaged a coach, American director-actress-linguist Rhodella Heller.

Soraya and Eva do not encourage many visitors to their villa. They have always remained a little aloof from Rome society. They both have too many memories of a not-too-distant past dogged by scandal-mongers.

One of the few exceptions to their rule is the young German actor Maximilian Schell (Maria Schell's brother), who recently flew to Rome to stay at the villa for a few days. He has been Soraya's most constant admirer ever since they met last year.

The film role will in many ways be a natural for her.

She will be an Italian princess who lives with her parents in an old palazzo in Naples.

She has been kept very much apart from the world, awaiting a suitable marriage. Brought up in a medieval atmosphere of formality and ancient privilege, she falls in love with a young private in the American Army.

He is, unknown to her, a Texan oil millionaire. The old Neapolitan family take sides for and against the marriage, and finally it is up to the Princess to make up her own mind.

How the fairy story ends is pretty easy to guess, but Dino di Laurentiis, having called his film "The Secret," isn't saying.—Betty Best.

She's beautiful... her hair's so manageable... because she has Modeling, the wonderful L'Oréal of Paris permanent style support. Modeling gives her hair lift from the roots...

... gives it volume, body, vitality, that lasts for months. So she can wear it up... or down...

... or get it soaking wet. Towel it dry... and she's beautiful. Modeling gives her hair lovely body... lively bounce. It never needs back-combing... or night-time pin-ups... or anything at all between salon visits... and Modeling lasts for three months, four months, or more.

Maybe Modeling can make your hair behave. Why not ask your hairdresser? He knows your hair. Knows Marigny, too. Look for the Modeling symbol in his salon.



FOR THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT A PERMANENT WAVE... modeling* L'OREAL OF PARIS

Modeling is fresh, exciting fashion news for the girl who wants her hair smart and smoothly styled without perm-type waves and curls. Modeling gives hair a natural lift from the scalp, gives it a 'movement' of easy curves that flow from roots to ends, lasts for three, four months, or more. There are Modeling formulas to cater for every hair type, easy to wave, hard to wave, tinted — even bleached. Modeling is available only at professional hairdressing salons.



Just a short knitting time away — this luxuriously soft raglan jacket — with SIRDAR "Caprine" superb quality mohair, No. 7 needles and Sirdar leaflet 2072... 1/3 from your favourite wool counter or send 1/8 to Dept. B, P.O. Box 472, Goulburn, N.S.W.

For knitting satisfaction

Wonderful SIRDAR

TO BE SURE, USE ONLY SIRDAR WOOLS FOR SIRDAR PATTERNS

IT'S THE GREATEST

By NAN MUSGROVE

● "The Greatest Show on Earth" is "a sort of 'Untouchables' with sawdust" according to its producer, Stanley Colbert—but I think it is much better than that.

IT has the action and excitement of "The Untouchables" without its violence, and the suspense of being filmed among the most famous circus acts in the world, in the sawdust atmosphere of Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's circus. It also has Jack Palance.

Palance, in the old days five years ago before he deserted Hollywood for Europe, was the heaviest heavy Hollywood knew. He had a hard, villainous skull-face and was as mean as dirt. (He was the heavy Alan Ladd fought in the famous gunfight in "Shane.")

Today, Palance has mellowed. He has put on weight, rounded out that frightening angularity, and smiles as if he meant it. He is the circus boss, hard but just.

Palance, high-trapeze acts, snarling lions, tigers, clowns, girls in spangled tights, and high drama add up to an exciting hour. If you don't believe me, just watch the opening titles.

Lions and tigers hurl themselves directly at the camera in a way that makes you think they will land right in your lap.



Television

FAY SPAIN is one of the galaxy of guest stars who appear in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Others are Tuesday Weld, Jose Ferrer, Gilbert Roland, Lucille Ball, Hugh O'Brian, Fabian. They also use two kinds of "guest" lions — young ferocious ones for circus shots and tame old ones for close-ups.

JACK PALANCE as circus boss Johnny Slade. Slade is not a performer nor ringmaster, but has a long history of circus life. As the series goes on viewers find out he was born to the circus, hung from a trapeze at three, rode in the circus at six. He has pitched hay, rigged tents, sold tickets, trained wild animals. Palance is the only continuing character in "The Greatest Show on Earth." Old-timer Stuart Erwin appears in several episodes as Otto King, the circus business manager.

● "THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH" may be seen on TCN9, Sydney, Fridays, at 8.30 p.m.; WIN4, Wollongong, Fridays, at 8.30 p.m.; NBN3, Newcastle, Fridays, at 8.30 p.m.; NWS9, Adelaide, Wednesdays, at 7.30 p.m.; TVW7, Perth, Tuesdays, at 8.30 p.m.

Sssh... NOT A SOUND!

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The "Liverpool Sound," made famous by The Beatles, has been one of my big frustrations. I tried to get with it, via TV, for weeks. Now I find there is no such thing.

THE expert who told me this (and he is undoubtedly an expert) was Gerry Marsden, the leader of The Pacemakers.

Gerry and the Pacemakers are the combination which, with The Beatles, is responsible for the international popularity of the sound of which there is no such thing.

"Don't ever talk about the Liverpool Sound," loov," Gerry said to me. "There's no such thing—it's the Liverpool Beat."

Gerry then da-ded-dummed a bit of the beat for me, but, not having a keen ear, I really am not much further ahead, except that I will make no more conversational faux pas about the Liverpool Sound."

I met Gerry at a confusing occasion—a buffet luncheon for Gerry and the Pacemakers and Brian Poole

and the Tremeloes, 11 exponents of the Liverpool Beat.

They were just off the jet from London, hungry, agreeable, and entertaining young men, rather bewildered by the crowd of more than 100 journalists, disc jockeys, record executives, and radio personalities there to meet them.

Gerry was the only Liverpoolian I saw without that shaggy, shetland-pony look that The Beatle hairdo gives them. I found myself at one stage in a nest of long-haired Tremeloes, trying to sort out one from another and being interviewed instead of interviewing.

"Why do Australians wear such short hair?" "Where will we see kangaroos?" "Do Australians have proper food at lunch-time or just this stuff?"

"This stuff" was savories from caviar down; the "proper" food came later.

Eventually I extricated



GERRY (the small one, third from left) and the other three Pacemakers caper along the tracks of the British Railway.

myself from the hungry Tremeloes and found myself with Gerry, coke in hand. His slick parted hair was brushed neatly to one side.

"I don't like my 'air in my eyes, loov," he said. "I've been called 'dear,' 'dolling,' and 'dahling' by show people so often that I now regard these endear-

ment, but it was well in evidence when he appeared with The Pacemakers on the Dave Allen Show.

He is said to be 5ft. 6in. tall, but I don't think he would be an inch over 5ft. 3in. barefooted, and his tight trousers and short coat make him look very miniature.

I asked him why so many of the top world bands like The Pacemakers and The Beatles come from Liverpool. "It's the audiences, loov," he said. "They're tough, the young ones, and the old ones, too. You play them mooky stuff and they won't listen. They'll pull you up."

"We don't get up and play sad stuff about love and sex like some do. They don't like it, and neither do we. We like playing happy songs, something you can enjoy to play—so that's what we do, and so do The Boys."

Something made me realise that The Boys were special. I asked who they were.

"Who are they? The Beatles—and we're not rivals, we're pals."

Television

ments as TV jargon, but it was my first exposure to "loov."

Gerry, a diverting young man, is just 21. He has a smooth, cheeky little face, is small and neat, has a wide grin, not an aitch to his name, and loads of talent.

He is the leader of The Pacemakers, plays the guitar, sings, is a composer of many Pacemaker hits, arranger, and leader of the band.

His trademark seems to be a black leather cap. He didn't wear it to the recep-

The Anzac story



HISTORIC picture of the landing at Gallipoli. This picture was taken from one in the Australian War Museum.

● "Slim excellent, Moorehead outstanding, Gallipoli fascinating."

THIS cable, received last week at TCN9, adds up to good news for viewers.

The cable came from Bob Raymond, executive producer of TCN9's "Project '64," on his way home after three weeks abroad making a special Anzac programme.

The "Slim" in the cable is Australia's former Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim; the "Moorehead," distinguished Australian author, Alan Moorehead. Both are experts on Gallipoli.

Sir William Slim fought there. He was one of the few young British officers to survive the campaign. Ray-

mond flew to London to interview him.

While he was in London, Raymond also filmed for the programme some of Australian artist Sidney Nolan's Gallipoli paintings, inspired by Moorehead's book.

From London Raymond flew to Istanbul to meet Moorehead.

The landing at Gallipoli, where the name Anzac was forged, has always been a

first-class controversy. Moorehead's splendid book, "Gallipoli," tells the full story of the tragic campaign from land and sea.

Moorehead, Raymond, and the TCN9 camera team went from Istanbul to Gallipoli by boat so that the approach to the Gallipoli shore could be filmed. They spent five days there filming and recording.

Raymond began editing

the film, which lasts an hour, as soon as he returned.

It will be telecast either on April 20 or 27 at 9.30 p.m.

Make sure you watch on both dates because another tribute to Anzac will be shown, a magnificent film, "14-18," made from films in the French military archives that have just been released.

READ "TV TIMES" FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMMES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1964

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BALL-O-FOOT CUSHION



RITA HAYWORTH, who has never shown much interest in television work, made an Oscar presentation before the TV cameras on April 13. The same night Miss Hayworth (left) was profiled on "Hollywood and the Stars." She now says she might consider TV dramatic duty.

DID YOU KNOW?

● Peter O'Toole, visiting New York when the cast of "Lord Jim" left location in Bangkok for the London studios, collapsed when he appeared on a television show.

HE was attended by a doctor, who diagnosed physical exhaustion.

O'Toole had been travelling for three days without sleep, and after appearing for three minutes on the

TV show asked to be excused during a commercial break. He collapsed in the studio corridor.

His New York stopover was made to attend the premiere of his latest film, "Becket," with Richard Burton. He was expected to meet

Burton's wife, Elizabeth Taylor, at the premiere.

★ ★ ★
ROGER SMITH, long-time regular on "77 Sunset Strip," is to join the "Farmer's Daughter" cast soon. The comedy series, about the tribulations of a congressman's secretary in Washington, stars Inger Stevens.

★ ★ ★
JOAN CRAWFORD has agreed to star in at least 12 episodes of a new hour-long television drama series, "Royal Bay," scheduled for programming on the American A.B.C. network. She made the pilot film with Charles Bickford and Paul ("Naked Gun") Burke.

★ ★ ★
AUSTRALIAN director Bill Bain, who has made a name for himself in England with his stylish work on "The Avengers," has received two accolades. He is to be a permanent director in the new series, "The Protectors," which replaces "The Avengers" on ITV, and has been asked to direct the first 90-minute "Armchair Theatre" presentation, "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Television

★ ★ ★
SAM GOLDWYN, veteran Hollywood producer who recently sold a library to TV, has announced plans to make films especially for television. The newcomer to TV production is 64 years old.

★ ★ ★
KEN CURTIS, who portrays the slow-witted Festus Haggen in "Gunsmoke," has so pleased the show's producers with his characterization that he is being given the comedy load formerly carried by Dennis Weaver's dummy, Chester Goode. The last time Curtis replaced somebody it was in a different branch of show business. He took over the singing chores with the Tommy Dorsey band when their regular singer left for better things. The regular was Frank Sinatra.

Tommy Hanlon's Thought for the week

Momma once said (when asked why she didn't move to a larger town): "I guess I like to know the people who live next door, and people trusting each other, being able to drive into town and finding a parking place, and not to have to try to impress people because everyone knows how much everyone else earns, and going to a little church on Sunday. And the most important of all—that feeling of inner peace that you don't get in a large city. Is that enough reasons? If not, I have a hundred more, but most important . . ."

MOMMA'S MORAL . . .
A small town is a place where if you don't know what's going on nothing is.

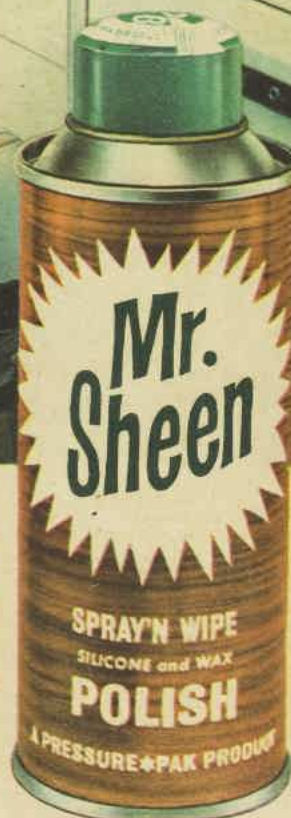


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6/6

SPRAY ON MR SHEEN — WIPE OVER FOR A MIRROR SHINE



Land of the Midnight Sun

By WILLIAM SAROYAN



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

"What can you tell me about the movie?"
Oscar asked the girl in the ticket-box.

OSCAR HAYKLUTE considered himself a slightly vain man in that he was not ashamed of being stupid, although he did not take pride in it. At the Aladdin in Kristiansand, where he had gone to see a movie called "Don Quixote," he had made no effort at all to speak Norwegian to the ticket-box girl. He had no small book, "Easy Norwegian," although he had "Easy Hungarian" and "Conversational Turkish," but these books were up in his room at the Astoria Hotel. And so, going up to the ticket-box, he thought, Well, I'll just be my usual stupid self and speak English.

The girl with the red hair in the cage looked intelligent around the blue eyes, and it seemed to Oscar that she would understand anybody speaking any language. "How are you?" Oscar said. "Just fine," the girl replied in easy English.

"Well, what can you tell me about the movie?"

"It's in the Russian language."

"Yes. Well, that's another language I don't know. Anything else?"

"The subtitles are in Norwegian."

"Of course."

"The story itself is Spanish."

"Why not?"

"It's a movie based upon the great novel by Cervantes."

"Based upon," Oscar said. "But is it well based upon it?"

"I haven't seen it yet," the girl said.

"I believe it won several prizes, however. One at Cannes, another at Venice."

"No prize in San Francisco?"

"Not that I know of."

"San Francisco's my home town."

"You're very far from home, aren't you?"

"About ten hours by jet over the Pole, as I understand it. But I'm not jetting just now—I'm driving."

"Very few travellers stop in Kristiansand long enough to see a movie."

"That's odd. It seems like a nice town."

"We dislike it," the girl said, eye-laughing because nothing seemed to make Oscar mouth-smile or eye-laugh.

"Yes, that's how it goes," Oscar said.

"You're young and you haven't travelled yet, so of course you can't abide your home town. You haven't married yet, either—or divorced. Anybody in that fortunate position has got to dislike one of the most beautiful towns I've ever seen."

"I'm not so young," the girl said.

"I am the second-oldest man in the world," Oscar said.

"You don't look especially old."

"Thirty-three? Is that youth?"

"I know a man who's thirty-nine."

"That's not easy to believe," Oscar said.

"Is he nearby? I'd like to meet him."

"Really?"

"Yes, of course. I'd like to see how he's holding up. Who is he?"

"My father."

"No?"

"Yes. Thirty-nine years old."

"Well, then, how old are you?"

"I can't be much past thirty, can I, or

my father would have been only nine years old when I was born."

"That's true," Oscar said. "Twenty-six or twenty-seven, then, making him twelve or thirteen when you were born."

Nobody was standing behind Oscar waiting to buy a ticket and go on in and see the movie. Nobody was standing across the street, even. A boy and a girl on the corner were eating soft ice-cream cones and passing the time of day, but they apparently weren't going to the movie, so it was all right to have a little chat.

A lot of little chats of the same order were always happening to Oscar. They seemed to creep up on him all by themselves. He never went out of his way to get them going. He would say some little unimportant thing or other, moving his lower jaw easily, and somebody else would say something back, and pretty soon quite a few things had been said back and forth by both of the parties.

It may have been because Oscar was never interested in getting anything in particular from the other party. He just wasn't in a big hurry and, like cows and horses in meadows, two human beings just

To page 64



Both worn 3 weeks,
washed 12 times.

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Page 18



Now see how the sweater on the right has kept its original fit, its smooth, unruffled look. And it still has that good woollen feel. That's because it was knitted in a Patons Patonised wool of identical ply — to the correct knitting tension, of course. Make sure you always knit with one of Patons 16 Patonised wools. They're your guarantee of handknits you'll be proud to wear.

Knit it with **Patons** and you'll be proud of it

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1961



COME SEE ME DIE

Instalment four
of our serial

By MARGOT
NEVILLE

WHILE her parents are away, SARAH ROBINS has MRS. THEDA BERRY as a housekeeper-companion. She had previously worked for their neighbors, HUBERT and KATIE WAKEFIELD, whose daughter, DEBBIE, is soon to marry CONRAD APPLETON. Before driving Mrs. Berry on her day off to her niece's, Sarah is upset when WILLIAM HUXTABLE, a partner in her father's firm, calls and is cool to her. Mrs. Berry leaves her scissors to be sharpened but refuses a lift.

Sarah calls on a friend, ROLY LOVAT, and at PAUL and LAURETTE O'HARA'S library, but returns home earlier than expected and finds William at the door. Inside the house they are amazed when a crystal ball rolls down the stairs. After he leaves she finds Mrs. Berry's scissors have been used to force a lock to steal some jewellery. Later she sees Mrs. Berry's feet protruding beneath curtains in an upstairs room and calls to William. He is hit over the head as he enters the room, and the door is locked. She runs outside and is knocked unconscious when Mrs. Berry's dead body falls on her from the window.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GROGAN and SERGEANT MANNING find Mrs. Berry had threatened to blackmail Hubert. Her nephew, NORM KERRIGAN, who works for Roly, had been told by her to watch Sarah's house that day. William and Roly say she had summoned them there, but neither had seen her. Later William is missed by bullets fired in the street. Grogan and Manning know Hubert's car had been parked nearby. Hubert says he had visited a tenant, MRS. CORNELIUS. Kerrigan tells them Roly and Hubert had quarrelled. Grogan leaves to see Sarah about a box found in the room where Mrs. Berry was killed. NOW READ ON:



Inspector Grogan stood by while Sarah lifted out the missing gold jewellery.

SARAH had spent the morning teetering in indecision, wondering what action to take about the cardboard box lying so mysteriously in the middle of the upstairs sitting-room floor. The sight of it fascinated and obsessed her. During the day she had gone back to stare at it from the doorway, not once but a dozen times, each time almost expecting to find it gone, to find its position altered or some other puzzling circumstance added to it.

She had heard and read "ad nauseam" of the unwise act of withholding information from the police, but something kept her back, some unwillingness to take a step in the dark. Since it looked as though the box had been put there with somebody's intention that it should be found, whose game would she be playing by disclosing its presence? Oh, for a little advice, she yearned, for some intimate to discuss the matter with!

Useless to wish for that. She had no one, no one. Never again, she vowed, would she go with any request or problem to William, and this morning she felt stark and strong enough to keep that vow. This morning, too, after those small unexplained incidents in the Wakefields' house last night, she felt disinclined to take them into her confidence.

Even Debbie? Yes, because Debbie and Conrad were one, now, and she herself didn't feel as close to Conrad as all that.

Leaving in the sitting-room doorway once more soon after her lunch, eaten in this mood of abstraction, Sarah stood, a cigarette smoking away in her hand. She was suspicious, she was bitter, she was regretful of the past and doubtful of everything in the future. Her years of absence abroad had snapped the ties between her and the people she had grown up with. With smiles they had come out to welcome her home, but they were strangers after six years.

For a few weeks Corramundi had been colored by her instant passion for William; now that silly dream was over, how much, she asked herself, did she know of what had been going on here while she was away? What love affairs, what hate affairs, and intrigues had possessed people for a time, had been lived through, and then pushed into the skeleton's cupboard? Let this box stay where it was, or kick it aside under the sofa and forget it.

However, without entering the room, she turned away and went downstairs to her father's study and sat down at his desk. Into her portable typewriter that she had left there she slipped a sheet of airmail paper and started a letter to her mother:

Mum darling,

Everything is quite all right here considering, and— Her fingers stopped and she sat staring at the paper. The lying words simply wouldn't come, the comforting letter she had asked William to write, and which, no doubt, he had written by now. No doubt, too, withholding all mention of that murderous attack on himself, but just assuring them that she was all right, that nothing could

hurt or threaten her, safely ensconced as she was at the Wakefields'!

But he didn't know of the small white box sinisterly sitting up there above her head, equidistant between her mother's little work-table and the Sheraton desk. He didn't know that in the night—yes, it must've been in the night—someone had come up the path, had slipped a key in the lock and turned it, had entered and stood just out there in the dark and silent hall, and then crept up the stairs, felt his or her way into the sitting-room and left that unreadable message.

Or warning?

It was, perhaps, this last thought that made Sarah abandon her unfinished letter, get up quickly, go out to the telephone-room under the stairs and ring the police station and leave her message for the inspector.

She had gone back into the study and was still struggling with those mendacious phrases on the typewriter when half an hour later she heard the ring at the door. She went along and opened it.

With relief she saw Grogan standing there, saw his amiable, expectant expression, his friendly glance, his look of reassuring confidence. He made her think of one of those more successful physicians who so charm away the patient's fears that he leaves the consulting-room happy that he is not only not going to die of his present complaint but is probably not ever going to die at all. In the comforting glow of the inspector's personality, Sarah marvelled at her own morning of fear and jitter.

She told him why she had sent for him, and he followed her up the stairs and into the sitting-room.

The box lying in the middle of that tidy and now unused room was a strident note crying out for attention. See—I'm here! it called. Read my meaning, read my riddle. Know me for a link with that small dead woman who was thrust behind the curtain to await removal, like a dumped parcel on a railway platform.

Grogan went across and stooped over it, stared down at it in silence for a minute.

Anxiously, Sarah stood watching him.

"Well?" she queried at last.

"Well," he said standing up, "first let's get one thing quite clear. You're dead sure, are you, that that box wasn't here yesterday when you left the house?"

"Quite, quite positive."

"You avoid this room now pretty much, I expect?"

"Yes, I do, that's so, but yesterday, immediately before I left to go out to my friends, the Fosters, I came in here to get a pair of sun-glasses I'd left in the desk."

"I see. And you looked around and there was no box."

"Well, I wouldn't need to look around, would I? You can't possibly miss it, can you?"

"No, you can't either. It's been put right there in the spot to catch your eye."

"That's exactly what it did this morning when I stopped at the door and looked in."

"You say Mr. Wakefield didn't accompany you this morning?"

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THE TV STAR



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"It's just no good, I can't go on!
My voice is gone, my features pale,
And when I sing, I only wail!"
"O cheer up, do," cried producer Joe,
"This'll fix you in half-a-me!"

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Page 20

The Red Coat

By JILL
HENRY

MRS. PEABODY was very happy that her daughter was accompanying her husband to the convention and getting a vacation from household drudgery, but she did wish Miriam didn't have to go in that drab old coat!

Naturally Mrs. Peabody was glad that her daughter hadn't married a man who would sponge on his in-laws or take advantage of them. Just the same she wished Bryant wasn't quite so fiercely independent and proud. She gladly would have turned over the family house to them and let them pay it off in small amounts. But no! Even though it squeezed them, Bryant insisted on taking a loan from the bank, so his mother-in-law would have cash for an annuity.

Miriam worked so hard, cooking and washing and ironing and cleaning, taking care of that big house and a husband and three children. With her pension and annuity, Mrs. Peabody had more than she needed. She would have been so happy to pay for a cleaning woman to make things easier for Miriam. Not that Miriam complained. She slaved away cheerfully—and if she had extra money she spent it on the children.

This time Mrs. Peabody was determined that Miriam should have something nice. She waited until Bryant was carrying the luggage out to the car. Then she practically sneaked a cheque to her daughter. Miriam's birthday, coming up after the trip, was a good excuse.

"Oh, Mother, you shouldn't!" Miriam protested. "Bryant won't like you to give me so much!" "Don't tell him!" Mrs. Peabody bridled. "It's too bad if a mother can't give her own daughter a birthday gift!"

"But it's too much!" "Nonsense! The minute you get to the city I want you to buy something nice for yourself—a new coat maybe," Mrs. Peabody ordered. "But mind! You're not to spend this money on the children. It's no good



A short short story

Mrs. Peabody anxiously watched her daughter, Miriam, as she opened the suitcase.

spoiling them! You'll only make them selfish, doing everything for them and wearing shabby clothes yourself!"

Her week of baby-sitting with her grandchildren went off very well. Of course, there were a few childish fights, and occasional tears. But, considering that Sue was just 12, Dick 9, and Peter only 6, they behaved splendidly. Mrs. Peabody had a serious talk with them about how hard their mother worked and how they should help her more.

They listened, big-eyed and attentive, and Mrs. Peabody was quite touched at the way they responded. Sue helped her grandmother get caught up on all the ironing. Dick swept the paths and vacuumed the dining-room. Even little Peter emptied all the wastebaskets so his mother could come home to a tidy house.

Mrs. Peabody found Sue particularly companionable, quite grown up for her years. She confided to Sue she'd given Miriam money and hoped she would buy herself a new coat.

"I hope she gets a red one," Sue beamed.

"I hope it's red, too," Mrs. Peabody agreed. "Miriam always looked wonderful in red."

Mrs. Peabody felt a pang of disappointment when Miriam came home in the same old coat, but she told herself that Miriam had decided she needed a couple of new dresses more. Little Peter was eagerly demanding what his mother had brought him, and Mrs. Peabody herself was eager to have Miriam unpack and reveal the pretty frocks she'd bought for herself.

With mounting dismay, Mrs. Peabody watched Miriam take out of her suitcase an expensive-looking leather jacket for Dick, then another one for Peter, and, at last, a beautiful red coat for Sue! And toys for the children besides! She watched the children hugging their mother and thanking her.

"But you didn't get a thing for yourself!" Mrs. Peabody reproached Miriam angrily. "I warn you, a mother who is too unselfish just makes her children selfish."

Mrs. Peabody was one of the children loved and feared. She tried to control herself and hurried to the living-room to pack. She followed her upstairs.

"Mother didn't get the coat for herself after all," Sue said sadly. Mrs. Peabody looked up and saw the child's face was deeply distressed.

"It wasn't your fault," Mrs. Peabody apologized to her grandchild. "I should have lost my temper."

Just the same when Mrs. Peabody got back to her apartment, she went to the store and delicately bought Miriam the prettiest, most expensive blouse she could find and took it to her on Miriam's birthday.

It was a happy birthday party with a cake little Sue had baked herself. Mrs. Peabody's gift was the one Miriam opened.

Then Miriam began opening the presents the children had bought her. They obviously were from a ten-cent store, a neat box with Sue with flowers on it, cotton gloves from Dick, an inexpensive pen and pencil set from Peter. Each package, each box had enclosed a card with an extra gift.

Miriam read them aloud. "To Mama, I.O.U. my year's help with the ironing, Sue."

"To Mama, I.O.U. my paths one year, Dick."

The last card little Peter had printed, no doubt by his sister's help.

"To Mama, I.O.U. my wastebaskets. One year, Peter."

As Miriam kissed and thanked her children, Mrs. Peabody felt ashamed.

"I was wrong," she said. "Unselfish mothers make their children unselfish."

"Of course," Miriam smiled.

Then, last of all, Miriam started opening the package from her husband. Mrs. Peabody noticed it and her father exchanged glances. She suspected Sue must have confided to her father and enlisted his help. And, sure enough, Bryant's gift to Miriam was a beautiful red coat!

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1951

MY BIG SISTER'S ROMANCE

CHAPTER 2. At my age, which is 12, I am only beginning to be interested in boys, but my big sister, Carmen, who is 19, was very interested in all boys until one year ago, when she began to go steady with Joe Harms. By going steady I mean she saw Joe every day and night for hours and hours. After a while of this Joe came to our house in his hot rod, which had no hood or front fenders, with his surfboard sticking out the back and his guitar and his sheepdog Orbit on the seat beside him, and said to papa, "Hi there, Mr. Fullerton, Carmen and I would like to get married. I would like to know how you feel about it, sir."

"Why, now, son, I feel as pleased as punch," replied papa. "Every father hopes his daughter will marry a tramp, you know. It will be nice, on cold, rainy nights, to sit by the fire-place in comfort and think of you and Carmen keeping house under that surfboard on the beach."

"Mr. Fullerton," said Joe. "I resent that. I am not a beachcomber or any other kind of a tramp. Since I got out of college I have been fooling around, sure. But that is only because I have not met a girl who would make me want to settle down. But now I have met Carmen and I am ready to settle down, and we will only go to the beach on Saturdays and Sundays."

"Sincere congratulations," said papa. "And just how much do you have in the bank, may I ask, for settling purposes?"

"I have a few hundred bucks," said Joe. "We cannot all inherit orange groves and be president of the Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Fullerton."

Sitting in the rocking-chair around the corner of the verandah where they could not see me, I was scared they would get into a fist-fight, they are both such big men. Joe has such muscles from paddling his surfboard that every time he lifts his arms it pulls his shirt out of his jeans.

To page 68

While Daniel and father were laughing Carmen made angry swishes with her riding crop.

She wanted to wed
but her father said
"No" . . . a short story

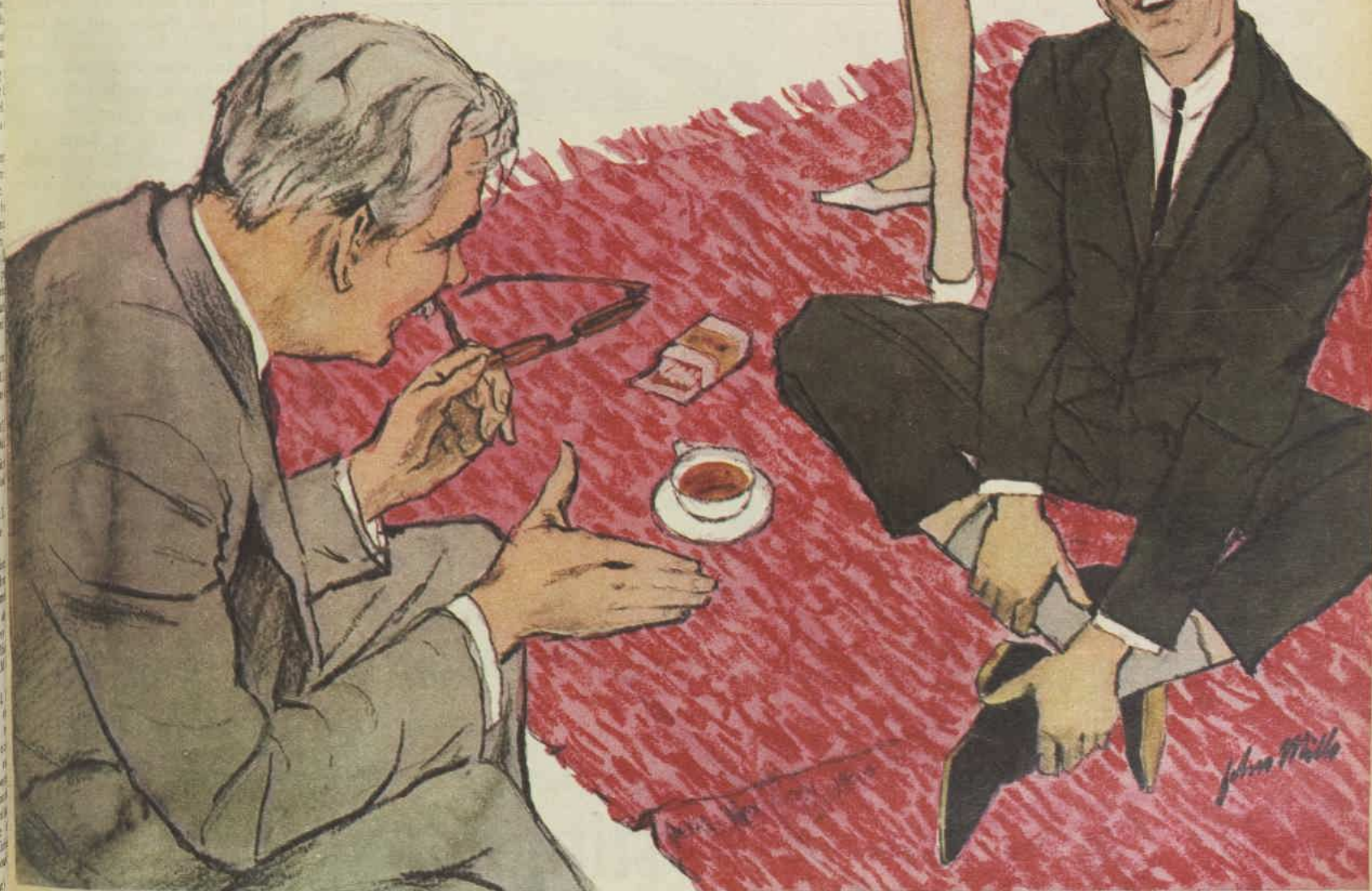
By **GEORGE SUMNER ALBEE**

ILLUSTRATED
by **MILLS**

DEAR Miss Coates: For our long theme you say write up a Historical Event, a Personal Experience, or Someone Near and Dear to Us. My theme has all three in it, which makes it longer, so I am dividing it into chapters. I have looked up every word I do not know how to spell.

CHAPTER 1. Everybody knows the arch over Main Street has orange letters on it saying, "Where the Orange Groves Meet the Sea." This is something for which our part of Southern California is famed. And it is really true of the ranch which is my home, purchased by my grandfather in 1905 A.D. when there was nothing here but dust and chicken hawks, because our trees go right down to the beach.

My grandfather has passed on to his reward, which my father says he is sure is a warm one, a good thing, because grandfather always liked hot water and hot weather. But my father is still in citrus fruits, selling them for concentrate and supporting my mother, my sister, Carmen, and me, although it looks as if this is over now. But I am getting ahead of my story, so I will begin at the beginning.



the last doll

BY
GILLETTE
JONES



Sometimes a mother does not realise her child is growing up . . . an appealing story

IT was time for Karen to come from school, and Margaret stood by the big window watching for her. But her mind was on the argument she'd had with Doug last night. All day she had clung to the words, not letting them go.

They didn't argue often — rarely where Karen was concerned — but now, when it was something so important in the child's life, Doug had

taken an opposing stand. Margaret could not blame Doug altogether. How could a man understand what a lost doll could mean to a little girl?

The argument had started over such an innocuous subject. "I saw just the thing for Karen's twelfth birthday," she had told Doug enthusiastically. "A very special doll. It's a bit expensive, but this will probably be her last doll, so it has to be special."

Doug's opposition had come as a complete surprise, and she couldn't agree that Karen was already past the doll stage.

"She isn't!" she'd insisted. "She's still a little girl."

"Little!" Doug laughed. "She's over five feet."

"Doug, looks don't mean anything! At heart, she's still very young." Margaret had fussed with her blouse while she tried for the right words of persuasion. "It wasn't so long ago that I found her taking comfort in a doll after a bad day at school."

"Last year?" Doug questioned.

"About then," Margaret said, not really certain of the time. "But, Doug — a girl's last doll is so important." She had told him then about her. She still remembered just how it looked; how she had loved it and talked to it when there was no one else to talk to.

"But that was you," Doug argued. "This is Karen. I bet you were a feminine little girl, anyway. Karen's a tom-boy."

So Doug hadn't really understood at all, she thought. "She's the only little girl we have. Kids grow up too fast as it is. I'm not going to push the way some parents do."

"Don't try to stop her," Doug warned, and Margaret felt herself bristle. "I know you feel you missed some of her childhood—that time you worked when she was two. But you can't try to hold her back because of that."

Doug had guessed her thoughts. She did feel she had missed some very precious time. They had needed the money at the time, but she had always regretted that job. She had cheated herself — and Karen, too — the year she had worked.

Of course, they had thought then that they would have more children, and that year hadn't seemed so precious. It was only later that she heard the doctor's words, so final:



duck a l'orange

THIS kind of cooking takes more than plump ducks and a cookbook: the bird so tender under the glistening brown of its crisp skin, orange-slices gleaming, bright and juicy; compliments moving quickly around the table. A delightful dish that suggests time and care and personal skill.

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Illustrated is the Westinghouse fully automatic model PAC224

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Prices slightly higher in some areas.



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"You won't ever have more children."

Doug was saying, "I agree — her present should be special, but I think a watch would be something special." He sighed and added, "Let's sleep on it for now."

During the night doubts had begun in her mind. Could Doug be right, after all?

Now, through the filmy curtains, Margaret saw Karen come into sight. Watching her, Margaret realised with a start that from a distance no one could be sure of Karen's age.

WHEN Margaret had visited the school she had seen the same spurt of growth in other fifth-graders—though not in all. Some were still tiny, but others the same age were tall and already losing the baby look.

She pressed closer to the window, the gauze of the curtain clinging to the contours of her face. Suddenly she was laughing out loud. Karen, a moment ago, had appeared quite ladylike. Now she broke into a trot and leaped spread-eagle over a neighbor's garbage can. She was still a little girl. If only Doug could see that!

The door slammed shut and Karen called, "Hi, any eats?"

They sat together at the kitchen table, and between cookies Karen told the highlights of her day, in the broken fragments that passed for sentences. "Goofball" was the term applied to everything today. Finally Margaret said, "Know what? Your birthday's coming in four weeks. Have you any special wishes?"

Karen's eyes danced, but she said, "I like surprises."

Margaret could picture Karen opening the present with the doll inside. How her eyes would dance then! She couldn't see a child "ooing" and "aahing" over a watch.

On the next rainy days, Margaret suggested Karen play with her dolls. Once Karen washed and ironed all the dolls' clothes, but most days she was too busy playing games with her friends or practising the tumbling they'd learned in gym.

It was two weeks before Karen's birthday that the new family moved in down the street. The mother rang their doorbell that evening. "I heard you have a child the same age as mine," she said to Margaret. "Would yours meet mine tomorrow and lead the way to school?"

"Of course," Margaret said. "Karen leaves at 8.15."

"I'll have Ronnie ready and waiting."

Karen groaned when Margaret told her. "Do I have to?"

"Karen," Margaret chided. "Think how you'd feel in a new school so near the end of the year."

Margaret watched Karen leave in the morning, still with the air of reluctance. She saw Karen shuffle down the street. At a little distance, the steps became livelier, and Margaret saw her squinting at the garbage can. She smiled, knowing Karen was lining up her take-off over the top.

But something happened. Karen suddenly stiffened. She passed the garbage can without giving it a glance.

Puzzled, Margaret pressed against the window and looked

farther down the street. The boy was standing on the sidewalk, waiting. He was a nice-looking boy, with hair that blazed like an orange sunset. He looked up as Karen approached, and Karen's gait changed completely. She seemed to have forgotten how to walk. Each step was deliberate, as though planned.

Margaret turned away, shaking her head, and wondering how long Karen would walk that way before settling into her normal springy step.

She was watching in the afternoon, even before Karen was due home. Karen and the boy came into sight, stopping to talk in front

of his house. Then Karen waved goodbye and started home. Margaret shook her head at the way she walked. It was even worse now.

The walk had developed a positive swing. So silly! Besides—Margaret could see that the boy had gone into his house. She wanted to call out: "He is not watching, so you can stop that silly walk." No, she would wait and scold Karen after she was in the house.

Karen burst in, calling, "Hi, school was great today. Really great! And that boy—is he dreamy!"

Margaret started to speak, but she stopped, struggling with an inner quarrel. There had been

many lasts—cuddly bears, and wind-up toys, and baby carriages. Her throat tightened, but she made herself say: And the last doll has already been given to Karen.

She looked into Karen's radiant face, and then she saw. This was not just a last—today was a first, too. And bound to come. And that enthusiasm—it was wonderful! She smiled at Karen. "I love to hear you sound happy, dear!"

She wondered if the watch would be gold or silver. There wasn't much time, and it was important to choose right. A present had to be very special for a twelfth birthday.

(Copyright)



The feminine touch



Beautiful hands can say so much. But when words alone will do, she uses her IBM Electric Typewriter — her hands' best friend. So kind to her manicure, so responsive to her touch, the jewel-like type-core weighs a half ounce, needs but featherlight fingertip control. Electricity powers it. No more tiring days

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Madison . . . crafted from miracle fibre *caprolan**



A Jeldi exclusive! Madison, an entirely new kind of carpet that wears so marvelously Jeldi actually guarantees it.

This is your assurance of the finest possible material and workmanship. And it's so beautiful . . . this fabulous fibre takes colours brilliantly, and has the scroll textured resilience that gives a look of unmistakable luxury. No wonder such fashion-wise, glamorous women as Judy Barraclough choose Jeldi carpets for their homes.

And no wonder that Jeldi, Australia's leading experts in nylon carpeting, added *caprolan* to the fibres in their great range of rugs and carpets styled by craftsmen for home-loving Australians. This flame-proof, moth-proof, mildew-resistant fibre was developed in America by Allied Chemical Corporation, and is exclusive in Australia to Jeldi.

Shown here—Madison, in Brass Gold, one of a glorious range of Jeldi colours.

JELDI—FASHIONS IN FABRIC FOR YOU AND YOUR HOME

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1964

Jeldi
for
NYLON CARPETS

Page 25



Modess *because*

Such poise and assurance... such confidence... yours when you choose Modess napkins. Only Modess has such fine features... an exclusive Masslinn® cover for extra softness, a "Magic Channel" of protection and a discreet deodorant you can trust.

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a larger napkin
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A Sydney amateur naturalist tells of a picture-taking journey he made last spring to Western Australia:

"The memory of this 7500-mile adventure will long remain — memories of the sun-drenched plains and far horizons — the star-filled nights — the dawn chorus of the wild birds — the carefree days in the open air with ever-changing sights and sounds. Above all will be memories of the wonderland of wildflowers blossoming in the springtime in the West."

Pictures and story by
NORMAN CHAFFER

But he warns that great stretches of Western Australia's famous wildflowers are needlessly being destroyed.



ROADSIDE SPLENDOR in the Western Australian goldmining country south of Kalgoorlie. The flower, *Schoenia cassiniana*, is one of the everlastings, and in parts of this dry district it extends for miles.

WILDFLOWERS ALONG THE WAY

WITH car and caravan, my daughter Greta, a New Zealand friend, Mrs. Anne Prickett, of Auckland, and I left Sydney on September 11. All three of us are keen students of the native flora and fauna, and we wished to observe and photograph the far-famed wildflowers and interesting bird life of the West.

A further incentive was the congress and field outing of the Royal Australian Ornithologists' Union to be held at Albany in late October.

We drove into Western Australia by the Eyre Highway, and after leaving the goldmining town of Norseman we entered wonderland. On every

side was a constantly changing panorama of color from flowers in endless variety. It is in the poorer type of sandy soil that many wildflowers flourish.

Wattles were in great variety, and there were breathtaking vistas of pink everlastings (*Helichrysum cassinianum*).

Of special note were the intense blue masses of dampiera, the dusty purple of *keraudrenia*, the yellow of cassia, *trichinium* with soft feathery tassels of mauve, *Grevillea excelsior* 15 feet in height with six-inch spikes of orange-colored blossoms, and *verticordia* in pink and yellow.

With so much to occupy our attention we took

two days to cover the 100 miles of good bitumen road to Coolgardie.

Near Perth many different flowers appeared. *Lechenaultia biloba* claimed attention with its massed groupings of pure blue flowers. Orchids of various types were frequently seen and kangaroo paws began to show up.

From Perth we moved 100 miles north to a good wildflower area in the Dandaragan district, and admired the various species of *verticordia*, sometimes called feather flowers.

Continued overleaf

BRI* NYLON

slimmies
with the
living
stretch*



SLIMMIES BY MONTY LEISUREWEAR

it's not just the stretch that counts...

'BRI-NYLON' slimmies move with you, bend with you, stretch with you — but instantly recover their inbuilt line. (No flowers for the sad-sack look!) Two versions: in elegant tapered classics, or in close-fitting glamour slimmies with simply lots of cling. 'BRI-NYLON' slimmies are good to every figure. (Because suddenly, you're slimmer!) **The BRI is your protection.** For top value, tested quality, ask for 'BRI-NYLON' by name.



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*Slimmies? The line is lean, the look is new. For you. Bouncy 'BRI-NYLON' slimmies in important new patterns, ravishing new colours — go get them, do, at your favourite store.

Wildflowers along the way

—continued

As well as the now familiar blue lechenaultia we found one member of the family in brilliant red and another in yellow suffused with brick-red.

A disturbing feature is the great destruction of wildflowers occurring in this and other districts. Much of this is necessary for food production, but many more areas should be reserved for wildflower preservation.

Also to be condemned is the bulldozing of roadside verges where wildflowers add variety and color. Often this is the work of landowners, who clear firebreaks on the roadside instead of on their properties.

The much-publicised attractions of the wildflowers of the West are rapidly being dissipated, and they are indeed a potent force in attracting tourists to Western Australia.

Continued overleaf



INTO THE WEST on the Nullarbor Plain. Mr. Chaffer found that the brightest thing was not a flower but a bird — beautiful orange and crimson chats running among the saltbushes. The travellers remember, too, the Nullarbor's clear air, far horizons, and burning stars at night.

AT LEFT: Greta admires kangaroo paws near Perth. Among the many species of kangaroo paw this one, *Anigozanthos manglesii*, is Western Australia's floral emblem. It is commonest near the capital and in other west coastal regions.

BELOW: Mr. Chaffer sets up the camera to photograph a small sea of wildflowers in the sandy inland between Norseman and Coolgardie. Normal rainfall in this district is under ten inches a year, but many flowering plants thrive.





New Ryvita Crispbread: now lighter, crisper, with more flavour than ever!

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Where's the sense in drooping and wilting on starvation diets?

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— and enjoy it in place of heavier, starchy breads. Ryvita is a *real* food that makes any meal better and more satisfying — yet keeps those *weight-building* calories 'way down.

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proteins, Ryvita gives you fresh *vitality* — as you lose those unwanted inches. Ask for New Ryvita Crispbread — in half and one pound packets. The crunchy freshness is sealed in. Now — *starvation diets* are right out!

NEW RYVITA

makes you fit — keeps you slim

Wildflowers along the way

— continued

Returning to Perth, we moved leisurely down the coastal road to the south-western corner of Australia, at Augusta and Cape Leeuwin.

Everywhere along the way wildflowers new to us began to appear. Particularly plentiful was the red coral creeper (*Kennedya coccinea*). Mixed with clematis, wattles, and pimelea, it formed wonderful natural gardens along the roadside.

The pretty pink *Pimelea rosea* was everywhere, and many forest glades were golden with the blossom of a wattle (*Acacia pulchella*). The weather in the south-west is cool and the rainfall more consistent, and as a result the peak of the wildflower season is a month later than Perth.

Of the wildflowers of the karri-forest area the blue bush (*Hovea elliptica*) was most striking.

Now we drove east along the coast to Albany. *Boronias* of various species were a feature of this section, and the interesting Southern Cross (*Xanthosia rotundifolia*) was plentiful.

We met with new species of kangaroo paw, including the red and the yellow-and-red.

On the way home we crossed the picturesque Stirling Range, much of which is excellent wildflower country. We returned to Sydney on November 21 after covering a total of 7500 miles.

AT RIGHT: Nature's own garden in the Augusta district in the State's south-western corner. In the picture are *Acacia pulchella*, *Clematis pubescens*, *Pimelea rosea*, and *Kennedya coccinea*.

BELOW: An expanse of *Lechenaultia biloba* in bushland near Perth. Soil here is relatively rich and moist.

AT RIGHT: In the foreground are native irises, *Patersonia xanthina* near Pemberton in the timber-milling section of the south-west region.





Lively new look for legs!

'UNDERS' & 'OVERS' BY KAYSER

Never has fashion been so much fun to wear . . . and so practical. Trust Kayser to send you right to the top of the hosiery hit parade with casuals that are terrifically smart and toasty warm, too! If you've a feeling for fashion, you'll go overboard for these jaunty 'Unders', dashing 'Overs'. Boldly ribbed in bulky-knit nylon, elasticised at top. Wonderful colours with woody overtones: Hedgegreen, Teal, Brushwood, Hunting Red, Black, White. S-t-r-e-t-c-h fit that really does! **12/11**

KAYSER — internationally famous makers of hosiery, lingerie, children's wear and gloves

The answer to

YOUR FASHION PROBLEM

DRESS SENSE By **BETTY KEEP**

● Here are some of the most asked fashion problems taken from my current mail.

THE first query deals with formal fashion.

"This season I will be attending several large charity balls, and I wondered if you would help me in the choice of a gown. I am 28, dark, and 5ft. 7in. tall. I have never owned a long frock, but feel I would prefer one to a short evening frock. What do you advise? I would like to know if red would be a suitable shade for the material. I will need a pattern to make the frock."

Wear a floor-length dress. The formal elegance of the long dress is right back in fashion, and I don't think there is anything more graceful on the dance floor. The design I have chosen is illustrated on this page. The high-front bodice plunges low at back, the skirt has a graceful fullness. Wear red, it's very new for the coming season, and long white skin gloves would add to the formality. A pattern is available for the design in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6000, price 9/6 includes postage. Panel below tells how to order.

"Have you a pattern for a plain basic frock, suitable for the larger figure? I want a neat style fitted at the normal waist, and a bodice that will take variations."

Yes, we have an excellent basic dress pattern available in a wide size range. The dress is joined at the normal waistline. The pattern variations include a gored or straight skirt, high, round, or scooped neckline, below-elbow and wrist-length sleeves, or it can also be sleeveless. The pattern also includes a design for a sheath with a side front panel extending from shoulder to hemline, fastened with a bow. The pattern is available in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, and 44 for sizes 30, 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46in. bust. Vogue pattern 3009, price 7/6 includes postage. Panel below tells how to order.

"I have recently married for the second time, and I will be assisting my husband with quite a bit of entertaining at home. I need a striking floor-length ensemble. I am tall and slim and love gay colors."

A floor-length skirt, chiffon blouse, and cardigan-type jacket would add up to a striking ensemble for at-home entertaining. Mixed pinks and purples would be an attractive color arrangement for the outfit. For instance, you could have the skirt and cardigan in mulberry-pink, the blouse in violet.

To page 35

ORDER PANEL

Patterns are available from Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you please tell me what is the most fashionable coat for this winter?"

Lots of the new coats are straight-cut and slender, with a single-breasted fastening. A design with a roomier silhouette is finished with an ample back and sleeves. A cape coat is new, but I advise this only for the tall and slender. Another new design is the bathrobe coat—in this category, coats are made in thick, soft, textured wool and, as the name suggests, they have an easy fit and a narrow self-belt. Fur is the most popular trim, and purple, raspberry-red, beige, white, all shades of pink, and bright electric-blues are the most popular colors.

"I purchased a paper pattern for a frock and on the back of the envelope was printed 'No allowance for matching plaids or stripes.' As my material is plaid, I would like to know how much extra material I would need to buy."

Depends on the size of the plaid. If it is printed with a fairly small pattern, an extra 4yd. of fabric would be sufficient. If your plaid has a large pattern, buy an extra 4yd. of fabric.

"I have a winter-white suit with which I would like to wear a fur hat. Could you please give me a suggestion for the shape of the hat and the type of fur you recommend? Would the fur fabric you buy by the yard be suitable or must it be real fur?"

Leopard looks wonderful with white. It is often available in fur by the yard, and it would be suitable for a hat. For the silhouette, I suggest one of the new "blown-up" berets.

FORMAL BALL GOWN
(above and far right)
can be made from
Vogue pattern 6000.



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This is the luxury of Laconia! The warmth and softness of Australia's finest "first clip" lambs' wool . . . the cosy, fleecy feel of Laconia's exclusive "denser pile" finish . . . the beauty and harmony of dozens of decorator patterns and

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MAKE "GOODNIGHT" A CERTAINTY

Laconia

100% PURE LAMBS' WOOL

(Illustrated above:
"Limelight". Delightful block
overcheck patterns in subtle lilac,
lime and white.



"Limelight". Delightful overcheck in olive, lime and white.



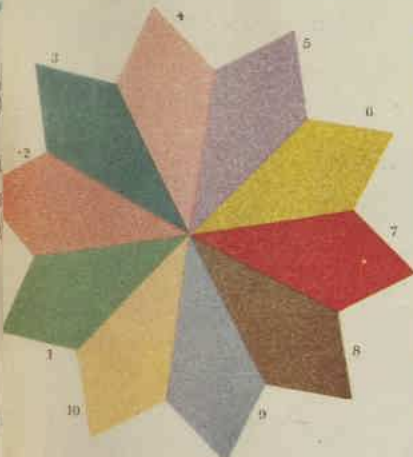
"Starlight". Appealing white-bordered windowpane check in lemon, lavender and green.



"Astra". Pretty blue, pink and white blocks overcheck pattern.



"Mexicana". Striking 9" check in lemon, green and brown.



"STARDUST" COLOUR RANGE

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| 1. Sage | 5. Wisteria | 8. Sandy Beige |
| 2. Rose Pink | 6. Gold | 9. Capri Blue |
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LAONIA BABY BLANKETS

The only Australian baby blankets with hygienic Sanitized anti-germ treatment. Baby needs this protection!

Dress Sense

By
BETTY KEEP

Continued from
page 33

● This elegant classic-type suit, illustrated below, was chosen for a reader who asks for a smart daytime suit for check wool. Here is part of the reader's letter, and my reply.

"Could you please publish a design and pattern for a tailored winter suit and plain overblouse? I take a 31in. bust size. Is a pattern made in this size?"

Our pattern service includes patterns in 31in. bust. The suit I have chosen in answer to your query is illustrated at right. The fitted jacket is finished with a single-breasted closing below a neatly notched collar. The slim skirt has a vent opening either side of the front panel. The overblouse is sleeveless.

"What is the correct attire for a six-year-old girl to wear when attending a bride as a flower-girl?"

The traditional flower-girl dress is ankle-length and made with a high-waisted bodice, little puffed sleeves, and a small self-ruffle at the neckline. The skirt has all-round gathers.

"Would it be correct to have a frock for an afternoon wedding made in a bright shade of wool?"

Yes, the colored wool dress will be high fashion for autumn-winter. New colors to consider include all the rose shades, turquoise-blue, cranberry, violet, and yellow.

"Is it correct to lunch at a seaside hotel wearing a bathing-suit?"

No. Furthermore, most hotels would not permit a guest to enter the dining-room wearing only a swimsuit.

"I intend making a linen skirt and wondered if there is any type of suitable trim I could use."

If you made the skirt with slim gores you could outline the gores with saddle-stitch in a contrast color to the skirt.

"Could you suggest any special styles to detract from a figure with a large bust?"

Clothes with curved but loose lines are the most flattering to a figure with a large bosom. Jackets should always be to the hip or slightly longer and curved in slightly at the waist. A V-shaped neckline will counter-balance a large bosom.

Things to avoid: short bolero jackets, wide belts; full skirts, high round necklines, and tight bodice-tops.

N.B. Try wearing a long-line bra. It will give the correct support and a slimmer look to a large-bosomed figure.



6024. — Classic-type suit and easy-fit overblouse in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue pattern 6024, price 9/6 includes postage. Patterns are available from Betty Keep Pattern Service, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Is it correct to wear open-backed sandals with tailored clothes?"

Not in my opinion. But I think that in the long run taste remains a purely personal question. For instance, a well-dressed Frenchwoman I know always follows the fashion of wearing a sandal-type shoe with tailored clothes.

"What styles in millinery will be worn for autumn and winter?"

Lots of the new autumn hats have blown-up rounded crowns and are finished with tiny brims. Some are entirely brimless. I can never remember a season when fur hats have been so important; leopard, mink (it can be fake fur) are the most popular skins. Beret types and a breton shape are the most liked silhouettes for fur hats. A Lawrence of Arabia turban and a Beate-type turban are popular with those who like spectacular millinery.

"Do airways allow tourist passengers to carry a coat, or is it included in the luggage allowance?"

Passengers travelling economy class can carry a coat, umbrella, books, handbag, binoculars, and camera.

"Would it be correct to wear a cheong-sam over narrow pants? The design is slit up nearly to the waist at the sides."

Yes, it is. Worn over tapered pants a cheong-sam looks best ankle-length.

"How can I prevent the back part of a soft silk skirt from sagging?"

Line the back with a firmly woven fabric. The fabric should be about the weight and texture of crepe.

"Could some white rayon linen be used to make a bathing suit?"

Yes, but the suit will need to be preshrunk and lined.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 22, 1964

Teenagers'

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately **WEEKLY**



THE CICADAS—page 2

PULL OUT AND FOLD ALONG THIS LINE

Letters

Education system's failing

IT is generally accepted that the goal of education is to prepare a person to take his place in society as a complete citizen.

However, I feel that in the Australian system of education one important phase of this development of the citizen is overlooked—namely, the citizen's right to take part in the affairs of State.

Without a basic understanding of government

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to *Teenagers' Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

and its bearing on his own life, a person cannot be a complete citizen. In other words, education is failing in its purpose.

Thus the need for some form of instruction in government and politics at high school level is clear. It is a necessary step in accomplishing the development of the child into a citizen, and in assuring

for Australia a sound future. — *Patricia Evans, Croydon, N.S.W.*

Rash words

YOU have made a rash generalisation, P. Constantine (T.W., 4/3/64), in branding surfies as being somewhat unintelligent.

I have been one of these surfies for several years, going unrecognised as such (along with other surfies) till commercialism began to exploit our sport.

Having established myself as a surfer, I will also include for your benefit my occupation — student in second-year university, and interested in world affairs.

Many of my friends, though belonging also to a cult in Victoria called jazzers, are becoming interested in surfing. These people are intelligent enough to be doing university courses and be members of international organisations which give scope to their interest in world affairs.

Though my examples above are few, I suggest you examine those who constitute the surfer cult more closely before making any narrow-minded condemnations. — *A. S. Williams, Ashburton, Vic.*

MY brother, a surfer, gained his L.C. last year, and also received an excellent report from the vocational guidance officer in Sydney, and is now settled in a very good job.

Also, his surfer friends gained good passes in the Leaving, many of them gaining Commonwealth scholarships. These boys are all well-read and versed in world affairs, and can carry on a highly intelligent conversation with adults. — *"Surfer's Sister," Terrigal, N.S.W.*

Next week:

- Fashion's new "layer" look for winter — two color pages.
- Meet two girls who have 278 DIFFERENT Beatle pictures!
- Color picture of, and story about, Robyn Alvarez and her fiancé.
- Pin-up of Tony Hamilton.

Date hints

HERE are my ideas on whether or not a girl should keep her date waiting:

The first time your date comes to pick you up, try to be ready a little earlier than arranged as, usually, a boy arrives early on the first date. Then you will be ready to meet him at the door and introduce him to your parents.

It is most embarrassing to everyone concerned if he has to introduce himself.

If he dates you a second or third time, be ready at the arranged time, so that he won't be kept waiting and trying to make small-talk with your parents, whom he hasn't known for long.

For further dates, be just about five minutes late. This will give your date and your parents a chance to really get to know each other.

This is the rule that I follow, and I have found that it always works well for all. No one is embarrassed, and before long your parents and your date are good friends. — *"On Time," Berala, N.S.W.*

Brain storm

TO those teenagers who wish they had as many brains as some, my advice is DON'T.

My I.Q. test showed that I had a "superior intelligence," as they call it, and I was advised to take up Maths I and II, Physics, and Chemistry. So I did.

CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

FOR an established group of entertainers to suddenly change their name could mean starting all over again. But when the Hi-Fi's became the Cicadas (our cover group) their career zoomed.

The three young men who had established themselves as the Hi-Fi's, an instrumental and vocal group, are (as on the cover, left to right), John Rigby, John Kaye, and Jeff Dart.

Explaining such a drastic move as changing their name and risking losing identity, John Kaye said: "We suddenly realised that Hi-Fi was quite a common name."

"It's a very difficult thing, finding a new name," said John Rigby. "Johnny Devlin came up with Cicadas after we'd been through hundreds of names."

The boys insist they didn't change their name to jump on the Beatle bandwagon.

"We have changed our style, however," said the leader of the group, Jeff Dart. "We used to aim our act at adults, we dressed in conservative grey suits, and incorpor-

ated adult comedy patter.

"Now we are aiming ourselves at the teenagers, and have developed a swinging, wild Liverpool sound. And we wear bright green jackets to carry through our cicada theme."

"Johnny Devlin signed us to RCA for a year."

With the brand-new recording contract and the new name the boys released their first disc, "That's What I Want," and suddenly found success. Their disc was released in America and looks like doing big things.

A tour of New Zealand in March, some national TV shows lined up, another disc under way, and plans for a nightclub stint ("We don't know if it will be the grey or the green jackets") have convinced the boys that to change a name is definitely not bad luck. — *DIANE ROBERTS.*

But I still worry as much as I used to, think I'm going to fail final exams, and come home ready to cry on Mum's shoulder.

No matter what your I.Q., things can still be a little above your head at times. — *Miss D. Fagerbund, Penrith, N.S.W.*

Hairdos, don'ts

IN answer to "Lee" (T.W., 26/2/64), I like a girl's hair to be sensible for the occasion, as well as suiting her and making her more attractive.

If she's going out somewhere formal, I like her hair to be up, but for informal occasions I prefer it to be worn down, slightly curled at the ends.

With medium-length hair she can wear different hair-styles. — *J. Martin, East Brunswick, Vic.*

Glasses, passes

FROM my own experience I have found the saying "Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses" to be certainly true.

I wear them, and suffer agonies when boys never speak to me. A few months ago I was so tired of being ignored that I stopped wearing glasses, and boys began to take notice of me — ones who had previously ignored me even asking me out.

But then another problem arose. I couldn't see, and looked right through friends without recognising them.

Now I have decided to save up for contact lenses, which will overcome all my difficulties — except that of money. — *"Four-Eyes," West Geelong, Vic.*

Uni? Bah!

WE have heard all about the benefits of a university education, but for a girl can't this education also be a handicap?

It is generally agreed that a girl needs to have met men of varying types to be able to recognise the man she could happily spend the rest of her life with. But how can a girl do this when every night she is tied to her books?

Also, after marriage a woman has the responsibility of looking after

home, husband, and children. Surely it is better for her to go out and have a carefree time while she is young and able to.

Having completed university, most girls marry and are unable to continue their careers, and therefore the best years of their lives are wasted. — *Karen Kennedy, Auburn, Vic.*

Bad teachers

MANY teachers at our school treat the students as young toughs and delinquents, and it is therefore no wonder that they find some students uncontrollable, cheeky, and impertinent.

The majority of teenagers are certainly not like the hooligans we read about in the newspapers, but how are we to grow up as normal, responsible adults if not treated as humans — especially those of 16 years and upwards? — *"Chris," Elizabeth South, S.A.*

BEATNIK



"I think I've found a way to overcome your shyness with the opposite sex, man."

How much should a 13-year-old dress up?

● "Perplexed" (T.W., 26/2/64), who at 13 is in third-year, and a year younger than her classmates, asked if she should not now be allowed to wear stockings, heels, and some make-up.

I AM the same age, and also in third-year. I have been allowed to wear stockings and a little lipstick since I was 12. I also wear small heels.

As you are a teenager and not a child any more, I think that your mother should now let you wear stockings, lipstick, and small heels. — *Miss B. Nixon, Gloucester, N.S.W.*

ALTHOUGH you are intelligent and in 3A class, you must remember the other girls are a year older, and perhaps you should be guided more by what girls of your own age wear.

But most girls of 13 to 14 are allowed to wear stockings, a little make-up, and small heels on outings, and I think your mother may be a little old-fashioned. — *Miriam Simons, Mackay, Qld.*

I THINK it's whether or not a person looks old enough to wear these things, and not whether a person is intelligent enough. Her friends are a year older, and probably look that year her senior. I do think, though, she should be allowed to use lipstick lightly. — *Joan Kennedy, Keilor, Vic.*

YOUR mother should let you dress like the other girls in your class. Suggest to her that for your 14th birthday you would like a pair of shoes with small heels, stockings, or some pale make-up. — *Joan Taylor, Northampton, W.A.*

WHEN "Perplexed" is 14 I think she is quite old enough to wear stockings. I also think she could wear a little bit of powder and lipstick, and I don't see any harm in her wearing small heels.

At 11 I stopped wearing socks, and at 13 I was allowed to wear some powder and lipstick. I also wore 2in. heels, although it took a while to walk in them properly.

I think my mother was very fair with me, and I am grateful. — *V. West, South Kingsville, Vic.*

ALTHOUGH I am in fourth-year, last year I was the same age as "Perplexed" is now. My mother has said that she disapproves of young girls growing up too soon, but in all fairness to me she allows me to wear stockings, heels, and a little make-up because all my girl-friends do, and she doesn't want me to be left behind.

I thoroughly agree that "Perplexed" should be allowed to do this, too. — *W. McFarland, Forbes, N.S.W.*

IN RUSSIA

IT'S THE GIRLS WHO ASK THE BOYS TO DANCE!



● "You Australians," declared Tanya Ivanova, a pert, pony-tailed 19-year-old, "drink beer like Germans and gamble money like Americans."

WRITER of this article, Australian journalist John Pilger, in Red Square, Moscow. In background: St. Basil's Cathedral, built by Ivan the Terrible.

"YOU are a happy, virile people, who live in great cities and do much swimming in the sea."

"Your women are not very popular—except as wives. And your country takes immigrants of all nationalities . . ."

Tanya's knowledge of Australia seemed to have no limit.

She reminded me that Sydney had a population of "several millions," that oil had been tapped in Queensland "like in Texas," that part of New Guinea was Australian territory, that Adelaide had an arts festival "like Edinburgh."

All in an answer to my question: What do you know about Australia?

Tanya is a Russian.

I met her in the ancient city of Smolensk during a 1200-mile tour of Russia, from which I have recently returned.

Smolensk, older than Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid, nestles sleepily and almost unnoticed on the steep banks of the Dnieper River, halfway between Brest, on the Polish frontier, and Moscow.

It is a strangely forlorn place—raddled with golden-domed Czarist churches, spectacular parks, flower gardens, and wide, tree-lined streets, yet with few cars and seemingly few inhabitants.

Smolensk's movement is hushed

and its atmosphere slightly eerie, like that of a once-grand metropolis deserted by fame and fortune. This is a legacy of its occupation by the Nazis in World War II, when the entire city was held hostage and more than half its population killed.

Tanya Ivanova was born and grew up in Smolensk. Both her parents died during the Occupation.

On my first night there I happened on an open-air teenagers' dance in the city's Civic Park. It was a night I will not easily forget.



To get into the dance I had to buy a ticket from a uniformed policeman at the turnstiles and have it checked by two more policemen inside. (The police run many of the public dances in Russia.)

The moment I stepped on to the fringe of the dance floor, remarkable things started to happen . . .

All but a few of the '200-odd dancers stopped dancing. The band—two violins, a trumpet, and a piano—lost interest in a rather soulful "Moonlight Serenade."

"Hundreds of eyes bored holes in me"

Young faces gathered in groups, silent and still, to stare at me from across the bare, rough, wooden floor.

For about 20 minutes they bored optical holes in me as if I had suddenly walked in off a flying saucer.

What seemed like a myriad of eyes examined my clothes, my shoes, and followed my hands, my every flinch.

Then suddenly a tiny figure broke from the ranks and strode across the floor toward me.

It was Tanya.

CHUBBY CHECKER . . . Russian teenagers "dig" his records — bought on the blackmarket. The Twist is banned.

By JOHN PILGER

In one silent swoop she shook my hand, grabbed my arm and marched me on to the dance floor.

The mob surrounded us and the stares were set at point-blank range.

"Charleston!" she ordered, expressionless.

"I can't," I stuttered, like a true coward.

"All Americans can Charleston!" she menaced.

"I'm an Australian . . ." I said, hoping this would rattle her and give me a chance to retreat.

"No difference!" she retorted quick as a flash. "We will Charleston together!"

So we Charlestoned. Diminutive, 5ft.-nothing Tanya. And lumbering, hopeless 6ft. 2in. me. It was, you might say, like Chips Rafferty doing the Highland Fling with a pygmy.

Tanya laughed. Our audience laughed. Even I laughed.

The band gave out with a Black Bottom that sounded more like "Anchors Away." And everyone joined in.

Tanya has never been outside Smolensk; yet she can speak halting, but understandable English. She can also read French, German, and Polish.

"You are the first person from the West most of us have ever seen," she said. "We are very curious about you . . ."

They asked: "Do you eat kangaroos?"

Curious indeed! After the band had taken pity on me and moved on to a subdued Strauss, Tanya's friends swarmed around me six-deep and shouted a crescendo of questions in Russian — and English.

The questions ranged from: What do you think of us? What difference do you see between Russia and the West? Do you eat the kangaroos? Do you play football?

As "unofficial" public gatherings are forbidden in Russia, the police, who had been eyeing me with wry smiles, ambled over and told everyone to sit down or resume dancing.

I was back on the dance floor—by order of Tanya. "In Russia," she said, "the girls like to ask the boys to dance. The boys are always too shy."

And the Charleston?

"It may be old-fashioned," she said, "but it is very popular in Russia because it is the closest we can get to doing the Twist."

"Twist is officially banned, although it is still danced in some homes and coffee bars."



MOSCOW UNIVERSITY . . . a woman lecturer there had seen a film of a Melbourne Cup and a Sydney surf carnival. "I was envious," she said.

"Chubby Checker is a great favorite here, but his records are very expensive to buy on the black-market."

Komsomol, the 20 million-strong Russian Communist Youth League, is responsible for enforcing the ban on the Twist, as well as seeing that Russian teenagers don't become too "decadent."

"Last week," Tanya told me, "two girls were sent home from the dance because they had on too much rouge."

She herself wore only a smudge of lipstick — although she sported a shift-like dress and stiletto heels.

Tanya is, perhaps, typical of Russia's 57 million young people. She works during the day and studies at night. The once-a-week dance is her only recreation.

From 8 a.m. to 3 p.m., six days a week, she sweeps floors and stacks materials in a clothing factory, for which she earns about £3/10/- a week. At 3 p.m. she collects a briefcase of text-books and catches a bus to a technical college, where she is learning to be an electrical engineer.

And Tanya is no educational freak — most young Russians are engaged in some form of study. Nor is her knowledge of Australia rare.

She knew so much about Australia because she had learned about Australia at high school. Not just the history, either — the state of the country, the way of life today.

In fact, everywhere I went in Russia, students — and non-students — were quick to flood me with raw facts about Australia which, to many Westerners, is still a mystery.

For instance, in Moscow's Gorki Street, a student who had stopped me to offer the current blackmarket price of 125 roubles (£60 at the inflated Russian rate of exchange) for my suit, told me:

"Oceania is an important subject in many Russian schools. Young people learn all about the Southern Hemisphere. They know a great deal about Australia."

And at Moscow University, high on Lenin Hills overlooking the city, a young woman lecturer told me of a film she had seen which showed a Melbourne Cup and a Sydney surf carnival.

"You seem to enjoy life in Australia," she said. "I was quite envious."

Melbourne Olympics inspired interest

A librarian at the University said that since the Olympic Games in Melbourne, ordinary Russians had taken a great interest in Australia.

"Your country's relationship to Asia and China," she smiled, "is of particular interest to us . . ."

On my way back to London, via Berlin, I called again at Smolensk to look up Tanya and her friends. But there was no dance that night, and I couldn't find them.

At the hotel I was given an envelope that had been left at the desk for me.

It contained a white metal badge, shaped like a dove, and wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which was written:

"For peace . . . Tanya."

AT 18 HE PIONEERED AN AUSTRALIAN STATE

• Opportunities to explore and settle new lands are becoming increasingly scarce, if not altogether non-existent, in our rapidly shrinking Space Age world.



LIEUT. BOWEN

BUT most teenagers with imagination (and that means most teenagers) have doubtless dreamed at some time or other of leading an expedition of discovery to some corner of the globe, seizing it in the name of their sovereign, taming the unfamiliar terrain and hostile natives, and presenting their country with a rich, new territory.

An English schoolboy named John Bowen had such a dream toward the turn of the last century. Such dreams were pretty commonplace in those adventurous days, of course.

But John's were somewhat different dreams—his were to come true.

When he could, John Bowen joined the Royal Navy, and at the age of 18 found himself serving as a lieutenant in H.M.S. Glatton, in the newly founded colony of New South Wales.

There he was chosen by Governor Philip King to establish a settlement in Van Diemen's Land, as Tasmania was then known, to secure the island as a dependency of the new Australian colony.

At the same time, the move was to forestall any ambitions the French explorers of the day might have of claiming it for France.

Bowen sailed from Port Jackson on the last day of August, 1803, in command of two ships—Albion and Lady Nelson.

His colonists were tough soldiers, convicts

To assist him in getting the new colony founded, Bowen had been given a very mixed bag of humanity.

It consisted of 24 tough convicts, of whom three were women, a sergeant and eight private soldiers of dubious integrity from the New South Wales Corps, three civilian administrators, including a surgeon, and three free settlers and their families—49 people in all.

On September 11, 1803, Bowen landed at Risdon Cove, about four miles above Hobart, on the opposite side of the Derwent River—and has been soundly criticised ever since for

settling in such an unsuitable spot!

But the young lieutenant was only obeying instructions from his superiors in Sydney. And having set up camp in this inhospitable outpost, he proceeded with youthful enthusiasm and energy to make the best of the job.

Despite almost immediate trouble from the local aborigines, from some of his own soldiers, who tried to raid the stores, and from the convicts, who seemed determined to steal a boat and escape, Bowen had everybody housed in surprisingly comfortable huts in a little over a fortnight.

Limited powers harmed discipline

He gave the free settlers five-acre plots of land to work. He even found time to explore the upper reaches of the Derwent estuary and the surrounding country, glowing reports of the potential of which he sent back to Governor King in Sydney.

His unruly soldiers continued to harass the young commandant, even to the extent of refusing to carry out sentry duties properly.

Bowen decided he must make an example of one culprit he caught systematically robbing the stores in collusion with some of the more cut-throat convicts.

But despite the fact that he had been given the privileges of captain's rank when he set out to colonise Tasmania, his powers of administration were really quite limited.

To bring the soldier offender before a court-martial, it was necessary for Bowen to take him back to Sydney.

While he was away Lieutenant Colonel David Collins arrived in the Derwent with two ships and the party of 433 settlers and convicts with which he had unsuccessfully tried to establish a settlement at Port Phillip.

Collins did not land at Risdon, but chose as a site for his camp

a spot known as Sullivan's Cove—now Hobart, of course.

When Bowen returned from Sydney, he continued to command the settlement at Risdon Cove. Later, however, Collins was given charge of the whole southern settlement, and Bowen returned once more to Sydney.

His arrival there coincided with news of the outbreak in Europe of the Napoleonic Wars, and Bowen immediately appealed to Governor King to allow him to return to England and active service with the Royal Navy.

King readily agreed, but Bowen had to cool his impatient heels at Port Jackson for another six months before a passage could be obtained.

The young lieutenant later became a commander, and served with distinction in Royal Navy ships in the West Indies, in British waters, and what was then known as the Indian station.

"Rival" colony more successful

But tragically his eventful life was cut short at Ilfracombe, England, in 1827.

Risdon Cove today is not a great deal bigger than it was when Bowen left it behind last century, although in recent years a thriving housing settlement has sprung up just a mile or two away, to give Hobart its newest suburb, Risdon Vale.

Collins' settlement, on the other hand, is now a thriving capital city of more than 100,000 citizens.

However, no amount of adverse criticism can detract from the historical fact that a teenager was responsible for settling Australia's second-oldest State—and made a job of it that was more than creditable under the circumstances.

By DIANE ROBERTS

She's Dame Margot's 'twin'

● Among the dancers hoping to win a scholarship to the Australian Ballet School recently, the examiners couldn't help noticing the slim, dark-haired girl who bore such a striking resemblance to famous ballerina Margot Fonteyn.

SHE was 17-year-old Pauline Stead, of Beecroft, N.S.W., who knew that the examiners weren't looking for a dancer who looked like Dame Margot.

They wanted a girl with the true requirements of a classical dancer — intelligent, well educated, both as a dancer and academically, and with the face, figure, and good health necessary for such a strenuous profession as ballet.

Pauline had all these requirements, and she was awarded the scholarship.

"Nervous"

The examiners who chose Pauline were Miss Peggy Van Praagh, Artistic Director of the Australian Ballet; Miss Margaret Scott, Director of the Australian Ballet School; and Miss Ruth Berney, Technical Adviser and Examiner of the British Ballet Organisation, London.

The scholarship is worth £1300 and enables Pauline to study with the Australian Ballet School in Melbourne for two years.

"I'm thrilled about it," said Pauline, her brown eyes shining, and admitted: "I was very nervous when I went for the examination."

Pauline has studied ballet for nine years with a Sydney dancing teacher, Marion Walker.

"My mother first sent me along to learn ballet,"

said Pauline, "because I was very shy and she thought it might 'bring me out.' I guess she never expected me to take it up as a career!"

When Pauline left high school she went to a technical college and studied shorthand and typing so she could get a job to help pay for her lessons, ballet tights, and shoes.

"Ballet shoes are my biggest expense," she said. "I seem to wear a pair of toe shoes out in two or three weeks, and it costs more than £2 to replace them."

After a year at the college Pauline began working as a receptionist with a city firm, attending her ballet classes three nights a week after work and every Saturday morning.

"I couldn't go out as much as other girls," she said, "but I didn't mind. I knew I was helping my career. But I was wondering how I could work toward dancing professionally."

"I couldn't afford to enter the Australian Ballet School and it would also take a great deal of money to train overseas and make a name for myself."

"I was beginning to think I'd have to be a ballet teacher, not a dancer, but then Mrs. Walker suggested I try for the scholarship. When I heard I'd won, I knew there could be another lucky break — it's from the Australian Ballet



PAULINE STEAD, the young N.S.W. ballet dancer who strikingly resembles Dame Margot Fonteyn (inset), is following in her "double's" dainty footsteps, too, recently having won a two-year ballet scholarship.

School that they choose members of the Australian Ballet Company."

The scholarship pays for Pauline's training at the ballet school, her board in Melbourne, and her uniforms and shoes.

Hard life

It's a hard life for the young dancers attending the school. They have to give up a lot of the normal social activities of young people to work hard at their careers. They attend classes on the theory of ballet and music as well as their dancing classes.

Mrs. Walker said:

"Pauline is still very young, she's still developing physically as well as artistically, and her potential is tremendous."

"She is wonderful at quick turning, so essential for pirouettes, and she has the stage presence and personality that many dancers of excellent technical ability lack."

Pauline knows she is now only beginning and it will be some time before she really proves her worth as a dancer. But for the young girl with the Fonteyn face and figure it might not be too long a wait.

STRUNG beans!



APPLE (above): This may seem a tedious job but it is surprising how quickly you will get through it if a few friends help you to collect the seeds. These little seeds are easier to thread when soft, so use as soon as possible after removing from the apple. Two strands of cotton will be enough. Use a fairly fine needle as the seeds are rather small.



Pictures by staff photographer Ian Mitchell.



KIDNEY BEANS: These beans (left) require overnight soaking in cold water to become soft and easy to thread. Use four thicknesses of cotton or fine fishing line as thread. Leave in a warm, sunny spot to dry. As they dry the beans will shrink, so add a few extra each day, or start off with a really long string of them. After about four or five days knot ends together and dip in clear varnish, drain and allow to dry, or coat with nail-polish. It is advisable to coat the beans, as the skins readily tend to peel off.



WATERMELON: These seeds (right) have a rather "antique" look and are very light wear. Remove from melon and wash. Thread on while soft, allow to dry, coat with nail-polish or clear varnish.



ROCKMELON: These seeds (above) are a good base color and can be used plain or artificially colored. To prepare, scoop out seeds from melon and put in small strainer, wash under running water, and pat away any loose flesh. Lay out on paper to dry. Color, if desired, in a bowl of water to which food-coloring has been added. Thread on to two or three strands of cotton, knot and varnish. They can be left plain.

UNG beans!

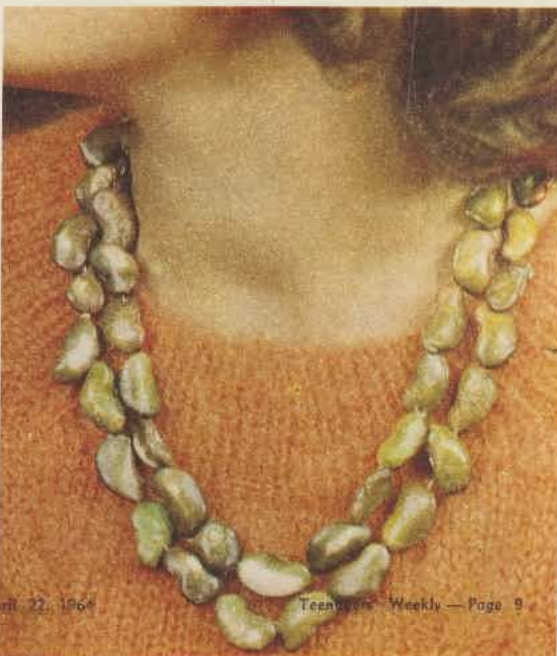
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WATERMELON: These seeds (right) have a rather "antique" look and are very light to wear. Remove from melon and wash. Thread on while still soft, allow to dry, coat with nail-polish or clear varnish.



LIMA BEANS: Soak beans (below) in bowl of water to which food-coloring has been added until desired shade of color is reached. Thread on to four strands of coarse cotton or fishing line, using one color beans or various color combinations. Allow to dry for a few days. The beans will shrink, so start off with a longer necklace than finally required to allow for this. When the beans are completely dried out, knot the string ends together.



ROCKMELON: These seeds (above) are a good basic color and can be used plain or artificially colored. To prepare, scoop out seeds from melon and put in a small strainer, wash under running water, and pull away any loose flesh. Lay out on paper to dry. Color, if desired, in a bowl of water to which food-coloring has been added. Thread on to two or three strands of cotton, knot and varnish. They can be left plain.





Bob Rogers'

POPLINE

Britain top of the hit parade

● Today, Britannia rules the air-waves all round the world.

ENGLAND'S sudden domination of the charts may have come as a shock to Americans, but it was no surprise to Australia.

Some of our top talent is British-born. Australia's immigration scheme has brought some of Britain's best to local shores.

Frank Ifield, Bryan Davies, and The Bee Gees, who, Australians might consider, are home-grown stars, were all born in England and perhaps owe a little of their success to their British musical heritage.

Yet another example is

young Sydney singer Norma Shirley, who is currently gaining national recognition as one of "Bandstand's" New Faces of 1964.

Norma was born in Kent, England, and came out to Australia with her family at the age of three.

Twelve months ago she auditioned for a Sydney Channel 9 children's show, "Comedy Capers," was accepted, and made about 100 appearances before Jimmy Hannan heard one of her tapes and gave her an opportunity to sing on his interstate television show, "Saturday Date."

This in turn led to ap-

OUR PIN-UP

● Noeleen Batley (see p. 16) must be one of Australia's most successful singing stars — and she's certainly one of the busiest!

During the past four years Noeleen has sung on almost every national TV variety show, made about 15 records, sung at many clubs and dances in Sydney, and spent about five months of each year on country and interstate tours.

Her most recent tour was to South Australia for the Adelaide Arts Festival, and this month she's off to New Zealand for a few weeks to sing at teenage dances.

pearances on "Bandstand."

At 17, Norma is also a prolific composer and has recently turned out numbers for Wayne Newton and Col Joye which she hopes they will record.

Her next step is to make records, and Norma hopes to have her first released within a few months. Good luck, Norma.

Beatle boy-friend helps brother

THE most envied young lady in the world at present must be Jane Asher, the English actress who is Paul McCartney's steady girl-friend.

Jane's friendship with Paul had proved a great help to her brother when he decided to break into show business. Nineteen-year-old Peter Asher formed a duo several years ago with a school-friend, Gordon Waller.

Until recently they were just two of hundreds singing and playing in London coffee bars.

Keen-eyed recording manager Norman Newell spotted their act and gave

YET ANOTHER crazily outfitted group, the British Mersey - sounding "Undertakers." They are shown here in London's Piccadilly. Standing, left to right, are Brian Jones, 23 (saxophone), "Bugs" Pemberton, 19 (drums), Chris Huston, 20 (lead guitar), and Geoffrey Nugent, 20 (rhythm guitar). The "sitter" is Jackie Lomax, 19 (bass). The group's latest disc has "Just a Little Bit" and "Stupidity."

Don't miss Disc

The great new five-page pop music review in Everybody's magazine

* NEWS • PICTURES • AUSTRALIAN AND OVERSEAS CHARTS • REVIEWS • STAR DOSSIER • UP-TO-THE-MINUTE U.S. BRITISH AND LOCAL RECORD NEWS.

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them as addition. He liked their style and offered the boys a recording contract.

Problem was — no material to record. Then The Beatles came to the rescue. Paul McCartney and John Lennon wrote a new song especially for them.

It's called "A World Without Love" and is a big hit in England. It's my bet it will be just as big in Australia.

Del's a sport lover

TWELVE months ago, when I was looking around town for some talent to book for a record hop, Johnny O'Keefe suggested a name that was new to me — Del Juliana.

Soon afterwards I met a tall, quiet redhead. But when she stepped in front of the microphone at the record hop the quiet girl backstage underwent a transformation.

Del turned in the wildest performance by a gal vocalist I had ever seen.

Her pounding delivery and rhythmic drive soon earned her a television contract and she has been making regular appearances on Johnny O'Keefe's show ever since.

Now her very first disc is out and naturally it's a swinger. "You're Driving Me Crazy" is the A side with "I Was a Fool for Leaving" on the flip.

Del's Swiss and Irish ancestry may account for her volatile personality, but her vitality and love of sports are all Australian.

When she isn't playing sport Del spends her spare time practising on guitar or the bongos.



DEL JULIANA

CILLA BLACK in the full-length dress style she favors so much.

A handy neighbor

THE prime requisite of any recording artist is a good song, and, in this respect, Digger Revell is luckier than most.

One of his neighbors living just over the back fence from his home in the Sydney suburb of Matraville is a top songwriter, and he has given Digger another hit.

"We've been great friends for years," says Digger of his neighbor, "so I suppose it was inevitable that he would eventually write a song specially for me."

By the way, the composer's name is Warren Williams. And he is also a singer.

Digger's new disc, "Just Call On Me," is a Liverpool-flavored number with an effective harmonica in the arrangement. The flipside is a Buddy Holly version of an old Gene Pitney composition, "Mr. Moon, Mr. Cupid and I."

Digger admits to being a Pitney fan from way back and achieved a lifelong ambition when he met the star during his recent tour of Australia.

Beatle by any other name...

BEATLE Paul McCartney has a young brother who is hoping to follow in his famous footsteps.

However, he is not attempting to cash in on Paul's name, and for stage work has changed his to Mike McGear.

Brenda's hubby also sings

BRENDA LEE'S husband, Ronnie Shacklett, is also a singer.

He has been bitten by the show business bug and is now hoping for a career of his own.

His first disc will be released shortly.

Sure shots

"Viva Las Vegas," Elvis Presley (RCA), "Shangri-La," Vic Dana (Liberty), "Just Call On Me," Digger Revell (RCA), "You're Driving Me Crazy," Del Juliana (RCA).



WORTH HEARING

Renaissance music

ONE of the most joyous recordings you are likely to find has just been issued by the Universal Record Club. It is called "Renaissance Festival Music" and it is played by the New York Pro Musica under conductor Noah Greenberg, whose work in fostering the authentic performance of older music should be familiar by now to all those who like to get a bit off the beaten track in their record collecting.

The music is played on the instruments of the time — cornetts, sackbuts, shawms, recorders, krumphorns, viols, etc.

The dozen or more pieces on the disc fall into two sections. In the first section is a group of Flemish dances of the earlier part of the 16th century—mainly short, simply harmonised pieces, quite obviously intended as "practical" music for dancing.

The second section consists of more elaborate works by Venetian composers. Venice was a great centre of Italian music from the early 16th century onwards, and in particular a centre for experiment in the development of instrumental ensemble music, which in the works of Giovanni Gabrieli (who is well represented here) and others made bold, pioneering use of contrast and color.

— MARTIN LONG

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11

well-taken and firm. Cool on cake-track. Cut a round from
Place icing sugar and passionfruit pulp in top of double

TEENA[®] *by Linda Terry*



TOPS IN SPORT

Comeback by Konrads

BY CYNTHIA ROBINSON

● In 1958 sports writers described Australia's John Konrads as "the Rolls-Royce of world swimming." This year they're prepared to write him off as "an old bomb," but he's swimming like a slave to prove them wrong at the Tokyo Games.

AT present he's considered lucky to be a member of the Australian swim team for Tokyo, for his times at the national championships in Sydney recently were far from world-shattering.

This isn't surprising, however, as John's swimming has really taken second place to studies since 1961, when he went to America to begin a course in international trade at the University of Southern California.

He returned home just in time for the championships (which were, in effect, Olympic trials) and won little else except a reputation for being overweight and well below his best.

Fortunately for John, the selectors — to the delight of most Australian swim fans — took the view that Konrads would "come good" with the concentrated training he'll have until October.

John for a while held all world records over standard distances from the 220yds. to the mile.

One by one his world records have toppled but his name is still magic with sports fans.

And it should be, too, for John and his sister, Ilse — affectionately known as "The Konrads Kids" — represent one of the most amazing success stories in Australia's sporting history.

With their parents and a sister, they migrated to Australia in 1949 from Germany (where they'd earlier fled from their home country of Latvia), and John learned to dog-paddle in a migrant camp

pool at Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., when he was six.

Before long the family moved to the Sydney suburb of Bankstown. There John contracted a mild form of polio and was advised to take up swimming lessons after a speedy recovery.

John took so well to the water that within four years, when he was just 13, he'd smashed a record in winning the national 440yds. freestyle title.

As a result, he won a place in the 1956 Melbourne Olympic swim team, though he remained a non-swimming member.

Meanwhile, his sister Ilse, two years younger, and who'd regarded it as a form of punishment to have to accompany her brother to Bankstown Pool for weekly lessons from



JOHN KONRADS

coach Don Talbot, was also making a splash.

By 1958 these two distance swimmers were beginning to rewrite the record books, and when they returned from the Cardiff Empire Games, they had added to their luggage no fewer than four gold medals.

The Konrads Kids were also members of the Rome Olympic team in 1960,

when John, in a tense battle with Murray Rose and Japan's Yamanaka, magnificently won the gold medal for the grueling 1500 metres freestyle.

Ilse, now a cadet reporter on a Sydney newspaper, has been less lucky than John lately, and her name is not listed with the team for Tokyo.

NEXT WEEK: Margaret Burvill.

Beauty in brief:

SIMPLE MASKS

"CAN you," a letter asked, "give me the details of any gentle type of face mask that would be kind to a young skin?"

Ever tried an evaporated-milk-and-olive-oil face mask? It's very good for fine, delicate skins, especially if they're inclined to be dry. It couldn't be easier to make and use.

Into a small dish measure a tablespoon of ordinary evaporated milk. To it add four drops of pure olive oil; the type used for cooking will do.

With a clean fingertip, stir the mixture until blended; then apply a smooth layer all over your face and throat. Wait a minute or two for it to dry and add another layer. Continue adding until you have four layers applied. They will dry and stiffen on your skin.

When the mask is really stiff, the benefits have reached your skin, so wash off the mask with lukewarm water. As always, follow with a splashing or dunking in cold water.

A wonderful standby treatment for young skin that can be felt and seen almost immediately is, of course, the good old oatmeal mask.

For this, fill a sheer white nylon glove with as much oatmeal as is needed to plump out the palm of the glove. Knot it securely at the wrist and swish the glove around in warm water until the water turns milky.

Rub the plump glove over your face and throat; allow the film to dry. Leave on for three to five minutes, then remove with lukewarm water, followed by a cold splash, and dry your skin briskly. — CAROLYN EARLE.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Fighting temper

"I AM a 15-year-old girl and I have a terrible temper. I pick up the nearest thing and let it fly, or else slam every door behind me. My bedroom door is very nearly wrecked. I feel I am quite a good worker (I have left school and help my mother around the house) and I can do almost any job if I have to, and if I want to. At times when I'm helping my mother I tell her where to put something and she tells me I am 'trying to rule the roost.' That absolutely breaks my heart. Mum doesn't seem to realise I am trying to help, and then my temper lets go. What can I do about it, please?"

G.T.A., W.A.

Mum can be your best ally in beating that temper demon. Have a good talk to her about the sort of thing that upsets you, and why.

I'm sure she DOES appreciate what you do but is trying to prevent you from becoming over-dominant. If you can remove some of the cause of your outbursts you'll be half way to victory.

Think of a sort of code between you that will help you over those touchy moments. A comic phrase, a line of a song—anything from "abracadabra" to "I'm bewitched, bothered, and bewildered." Then, the next time you want to let fly, take a deep breath and say or sing it.

There'll be times when Mum will have to use the code for you, but you'll probably end up laughing together. And laughter is a great tantrum-killer.

Second-hand views

"I HAVE known a girl who lives in the same suburb as me all my life, but have just started to take her out. She has told me she loves me, but everybody I know who also knows her says she is a two-timer. What should I do, and who should I believe? This is the first

girl who has walked into my life."

"Doubtful," W.A.

Ignore the critics and give the girl a chance. Judge people by the way they behave to you, not by second-hand reports and opinions.

Dusty ornament?

"I AM a 17-year-old girl and seem to have quite an unusual problem. I am not as pretty as lots of other girls, but not ugly, either. My friends seem to have lots of fun with the opposite sex, but I am just the opposite. Is this unusual at my age? I seem to be the lonely 'odd one out' left on the shelf, as I have not even been dated yet. I feel that if I don't soon step down from the shelf I won't have the fun I could have before it is too late. The odd shelf ornament may become dusty. What do you think?"

P.T., Tas.

On the shelf at 17? Nonsense! Whether you ever become "dusty" or not is up to you. It's not at all unusual to go through a period of loneliness during your growing-up years. But that's the time when you should be developing your personality, learning to mix with people, and becoming a more interesting person.

The key to being interesting lies in being interested—in people and their ideas and activities, events, all sorts of things. The prettiest girl is very dull company if her horizon doesn't extend far beyond herself.

Do something to widen your interests and your circle of friends. Join a sporting club, an amateur theatrical group. If you're busy you won't be lonely. And romance has a habit of turning up when you're not spending your time waiting for it.



"Why didn't you tell me when I was buying the milkshakes that you didn't have money for the bus fare?"

A word from Debbie . . .

● Here are a dozen ways to be more popular with your Boss . . .

Dress appropriately for your job. That doesn't mean drably or covered in glitter. Aim for trim smartness. And not too much make-up.

Cultivate a good telephone manner. Be cheerful, respectful, and helpful.

Don't boss the juniors below you about. Remember you aren't the Boss.

Try to be patient if some days he acts like a bear with a sore head. It always blows over, and probably he has a reason for it.

Don't be catty about another girl in the office—set a good example to others.

Don't show off about what

you have done or what you are planning to do.

Never divulge office gossip or business confidences to your friends.

Be as efficient as possible. No spelling errors or erasure marks in letters. And perfect punctuation. To make an occasional mistake is only human, so don't despair—just try harder.

Always treat HIM with respect due.

Always try to accept criticism gracefully. Even though sometimes you feel it is not called for.

Don't grumble if you're asked to work back late occasionally.

Very, very important—always be punctual.

Coffee time
 "SHOULD I ask in for coffee a boy who has escorted me home or taken me on a date? Our home is not very nicely painted or furnished, and I know I'd feel uncomfortable asking someone in, although many other girls ask their escorts in, and some of the boys I have dated may have expected me to. Please give me some advice, because I'd like to know the right thing to do on a date."
 "Lingering," Vic.

The boys you date are interested in you, not the furniture in your home. Coffee at your place is a pleasant way of saying "thank you" for the evening out. Get rid of that false pride—and ask them in.

Smitten cyclist

"I AM a girl of almost 14. For the past eight months a boy has been madly in love with me. I cannot stand the sight of him. I think he is absolutely awful, unhandsome, and unintelligent. He follows me to school and spends the weekends riding on his bike in front of my home. This makes my weekends boring, because I don't want to go out to the front of the house and have to see him. Could you please tell me how to get rid of him?"
 "Non amo," N.S.W.

Have you tried just ASKING him not to bother you? If that doesn't work, get Dad to go out front and have a word with him. You probably won't see his bike for the dust.

Pen friendship

"I AM a boy of 17. I recently met a wonderful 15-year-old girl who lives interstate. Unfortunately, I cannot hope to see her again for some time. We share the same interests, but she has told me not to expect her to write very often as her schoolwork keeps her fairly busy. Do you think she is putting me off or should I be patient and just write only occasionally? Since we met I've thought of no one but her."
 "Unsure," Vic.

She's not necessarily putting you off. She sounds a very sensible girl—and she probably wouldn't have promised to write at all if she didn't like you. Write at regular—but not too frequent—intervals. And concentrate on writing about your mutual interests, NOT sentimental thoughts, to give your friendship a chance to develop.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

BEAUTY (CONTESTS) AND THE BEAST

● I see that "Mr. Britain 1963" is migrating to Australia.

HE is 28-year-old Ted Gutteridge, a draughtsman. (I suppose a body-beautiful fanatic does get in a lot of draughts when posing in briefs.)

This little snippet of news points up a strange difference between male and female beauty contests — no one takes much notice of beauty "kings."

You'd think that girls would collect pictures of contest contenders like blokes treasure cheese-cake snaps of lissom lasses. But no.

Newspapers ignore the boys, too. Poor old Ted Gutteridge's move to Australia received about three paragraphs.

If Ted had got the coverage a "Miss Britain's" migration would, imagine the spread . . .

There would be a big pin-up of Ted, in a swimsuit, packing his bags.

Under a heading, "THE SHAPE OF KING TO COME," the story would tell how Ted had a 48-28-36 figure and defied his mother to become a muscle man.

Oh, well, maybe it just goes to show that few clothes don't make the man!

I ALSO see that a "kissing lane" will be built in front of a new office building in Oklahoma City.

The idea is to provide a non-traffic-blocking area in which workers can kiss goodbye their wives.

I hope the privilege will be extended to non-married workers and their girl-friends.

These farewell kissers, used to more marathon efforts than jaded married couples, would need, of course, special parts of the "kissing lane."

These parts could have signs like "Two Hour Sparking."

Strangers could not kiss in the area, and to prohibit them there could be signs advising

males, "No pass-ing."

Of course, the whole idea's illegal.

Everyone knows you can't park on a buss stop!

—Robin Adair



"At last she's found someone who's serious!"

well-taken and firm. Cool on cake-rack. Cut a round from

Place icing sugar and passionfruit pulp in top of double



NOELEEN BATLEY
—page 10

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 16

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 22, 1964

OLD-FASHIONED FAVORITES

● Here are recipes everyone loves—old-fashioned favorites that have stood the test of time.

THERE are cakes from the era of leisured afternoon teas, but which belong equally well with modern hurried "cuppas" or morning coffee.

There are puddings and pies that grannie made—and her mother before her, most likely.

How long since you've tasted seed cake? We give a recipe you'll treasure for a cake that's easy to cut, yet tender-crumbed, with the flavor of caraway baked right through.

All these cakes and desserts you can make simply, economically — and often.

Spoon measurements are level and the eight-liquid-ounce measure has been used. Plain flour is intended, unless otherwise specified.

ROCK CAKES

Eight ounces flour, 3 teaspoons baking-powder, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon milk, 6oz. sultanas, 1oz. mixed peel, extra sugar.

Sift flour, salt, and baking-powder into a basin. Rub in butter or substitute until mixture resembles fine bread-crumbs. Add sugar, sultanas, and chopped mixed peel. Beat the eggs lightly, mix with milk, and add to dry ingredients to make a fairly stiff mixture. Pile the mixture into rocky heaps on greased baking-tray and rough up a little with a fork. Allow a little space between heaps for spreading. Dust with extra sugar. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly before removing from trays.

CARAWAY-SEED CAKE

Six ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon caraway seeds, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon ground almonds, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, extra caraway seeds to decorate.

Cream butter, add sugar, and beat until mixture is white and fluffy. Separate eggs; beat whites until stiff, then add yolks, and whisk together. Gradually add to creamed butter mixture, beating well after each addition. Sprinkle caraway seeds into mixture, then add sifted flour alternately with the ground almonds and milk. Mix well. Pour into a greased loaf-tin, sprinkle with extra caraway seeds. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.

FAIRY CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 4oz. flour, 4oz. cornflour, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla.

Cream butter or substitute in a basin until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add milk. Stir in sifted dry ingredients with the vanilla essence and mix well. Fill into paper patty-cases and bake in hot oven for 10 minutes. Cool on wire rack; top with icing.

Icing: One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice, food coloring.

Heat sugar and water in a saucepan, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil gently for 3 minutes without further stirring. Whisk egg-white until stiff, gradually add hot syrup. Add lemon juice and a few drops of pink food coloring, and beat until thick enough to spread on cakes.

PIKELETS

One cup milk, juice $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 orange.

Combine milk and lemon juice, stand aside in warm place to sour. Separate eggs. Combine egg-yolks and 1 tablespoon of sugar, beat well. Beat egg-whites until stiff, gradually add remaining sugar. Combine with egg-yolk mixture and fold in sifted flour and salt, sour milk, juice, and rind of oranges. Mix to smooth batter. Heat heavy pan or frypan, grease lightly. Drop batter by spoonfuls, cook until bubbles appear on top of pikelets. Turn, cook other side. Serve hot, generously buttered.

BUTTERFLY CAKES

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 5oz. self-raising flour, 3 tablespoons milk, whipped cream, icing sugar.

Cream butter and sugar well, beat in vanilla; beat in egg thoroughly. Add sifted flour alternately with milk, mixing lightly.

Fill well-greased deep patty-tins half-full with mixture. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 12 minutes or until well-risen and firm. Cool on cake-rack. Cut a round from the top centre of each cake, cut this round in half to resemble wings. Pipe a rosette of whipped cream in the cut-out centre of cake, replace the "wings" in the centre. Dust with sifted icing sugar.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1964



VANILLA SLICES

One and three quarter pints milk, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. butter or substitute, $4\frac{1}{2}$ oz. cornflour (mixed to a smooth paste with extra $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk), 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon vanilla, little yellow food coloring, flaky or puff pastry (see pastry recipes at end of feature), passionfruit icing.

Put sugar, milk, and butter or substitute into a saucepan, add blended cornflour and bring to the boil, stirring constantly until smooth and thick (about 3 minutes). Remove from heat and beat in vanilla, egg, and yellow food coloring. While still hot, spread between 2 thin sheets of cooked flaky or puff pastry. Press down and allow to cool. Ice with passionfruit icing. Refrigerate until firm; cut into slices.

Icing: Three cups sifted icing sugar, pulp of 4 passionfruit, water to mix, knob butter.

Place icing sugar and passionfruit pulp in top of double saucepan, mix to smooth, thick paste with water. Add butter and heat to just spreading consistency.

Continued overleaf

VANILLA SLICES with a rich, creamy filling, Caraway Seed Cake, Rock Cakes . . . all tried and true recipes. Photograph, Don Cameron.

FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD
TEST KITCHEN

OLD-FASHIONED FAVORITES

BOILED FRUITCAKE

Three eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup each raisins, dates, and sultanas, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon candied peel, 4oz. butter or substitute, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon, nutmeg, and bicarbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar.

Beat eggs and sugar to a cream. Put into a saucepan the fruit, nuts, and water; boil slowly for 10 minutes. Add the butter or substitute and stir to dissolve.

Sift flour with spices, cream of tartar, and soda, add to the creamed mixture, and then stir in the boiled fruit with the liquid. Put into a well-greased 7in. square cake-tin, bake in moderate oven $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 hour. Stand on wire rack and allow to cool in tin before turning out.

DATE PUDDING-CAKE

One and half cups flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, pinch salt, 8oz. dates, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, 1 cup boiling water, 2oz. butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon, whipped cream, chopped walnuts.

Sift flour with baking-powder and salt, mix in lemon rind. Cut up dates, mix the soda through, then pour over the boiling water; let stand until cooled.

Cream butter until soft, add sugar, beat in eggs; beat until mixture is very light. Combine flour and creamed mixtures, then stir in dates and liquid; mix thoroughly. Pour into well-greased 8in. square tin, bake in very moderate oven 1 hour. Cool in pan. Turn out, cut into squares to serve. Top each square with whipped cream, sprinkle with chopped walnuts.

Note: If any pudding remains, it can be cut into slices, buttered if desired, and packed into the next day's lunches or served for afternoon tea. It's equally good eating as a pudding or as a cake.

CHESTER SLICES

Eight ounces biscuit pastry, (see pastry recipes on page 39), 2 cups cake crumbs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup chopped mixed fruit, 1oz. chopped mixed peel, 1 teaspoon each spice, cinnamon, and ginger, 2 tablespoons plum (or other) jam, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Place cake crumbs, sugar, fruit, peel, and spices into bowl; add jam, and the beaten egg and milk, into which the bicarbonate of soda has been dissolved. Mix well.

Line base of greased 8in. square shallow tin with half the pastry, rolled out to $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thickness. Spread filling over and smooth level. Cover with remaining pastry, prick well with fork and mark into squares. Bake in moderately hot oven 30 to 40 minutes. Cool in tin, then cut into squares.

A lemon-flavored icing may be used to top the squares before they are cut. Or, if they are not to be iced, brush pastry with water and sprinkle with a little castor sugar before putting into oven.

HONEY JUMBLES

Three ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons honey, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup plain flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon spice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, glaze icing.

Cream butter well, beat in sugar; add honey and lemon rind, beat until fluffy. Add egg-yolk, mix well. Gradually work in sifted dry ingredients. Use a forcing bag and large plain pipe to pipe mixture into 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ - or 3-inch lengths on greased tray. Flatten both ends, leaving a "waist" in the middle. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool on tin. When quite cold, top with icing.

Glaze Icing: One cup icing sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, food coloring, hot water.

Sieve icing sugar, blend in little hot water. Place over hot water and stir until of icing consistency. Add few drops of flavoring and coloring as desired.

(Continued from page 37)

FOUR O'CLOCK COOKIES

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. brown sugar, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon each vanilla and lemon essence, 1 cup sultanas or mixed fruit, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter, sugar, and essences, beat in egg, mix in fruit. Sift flour with salt and cinnamon, add to mixture alternately with milk. Drop by small spoonfuls on to greased baking-tray; bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes, or until nicely firm and brown.

CHOCOLATE CUP PUDDINGS

Two ounces flour, 1oz. cocoa, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 2oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. soft breadcrumbs, 2oz. sultanas, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, milk to mix.

Sift flour, cocoa, and baking-powder. Rub in the butter, then add the breadcrumbs, sultanas, and sugar. Mix in the beaten egg and enough milk to make a thick dropping consistency. Three-quarters fill four well-greased custard cups with mixture, cover with greased paper; steam 30 minutes. Serve hot with a hot custard sauce.

YORKSHIRE CHEESE CAKES

Half pound flaky pastry (see pastry recipes on page 39), one and a half pints sour milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. currants, few drops almond essence, raspberry or other jam.

Roll out pastry thinly, cut in circles, and line shallow patty-tins.

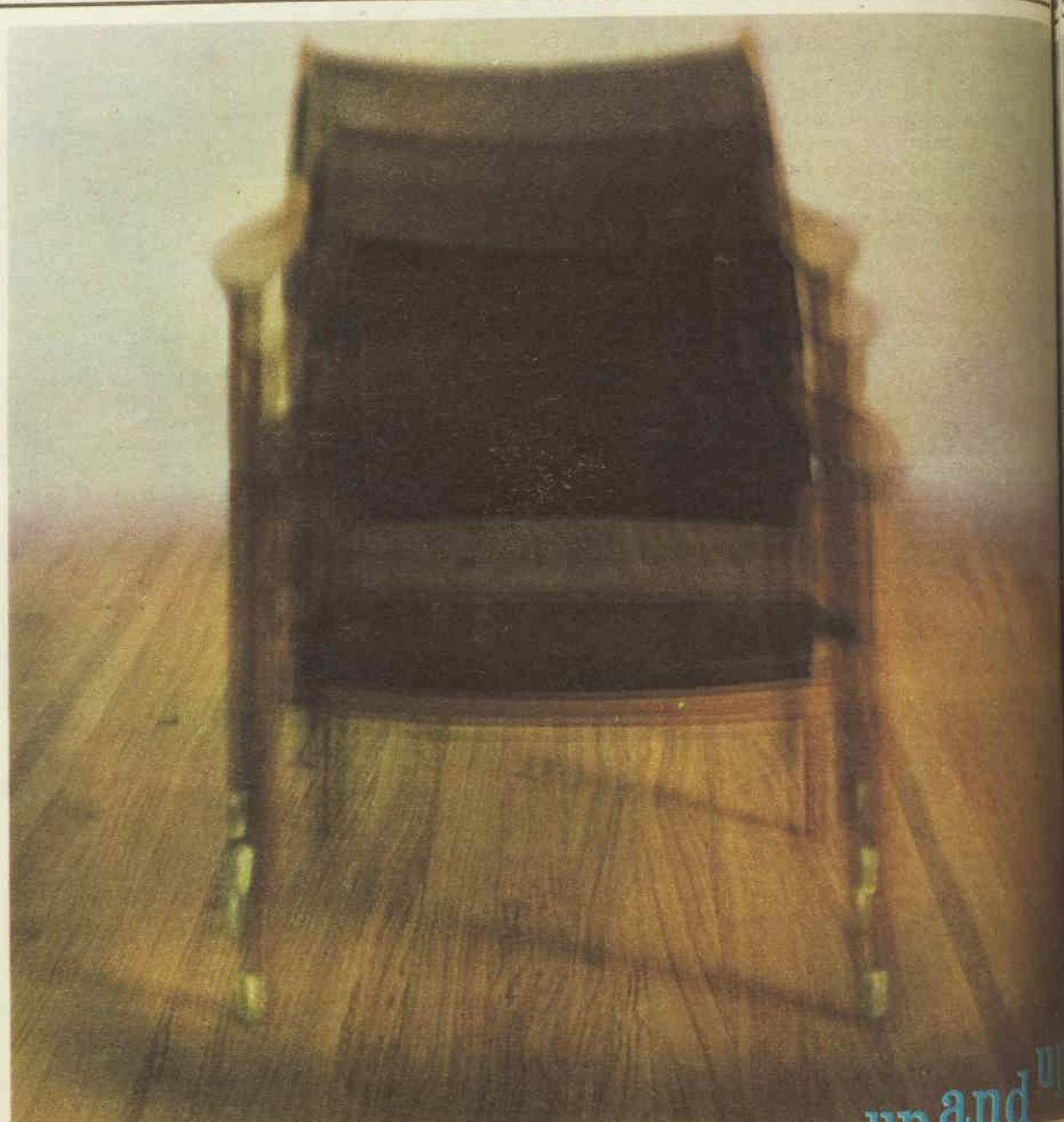
Scald milk in saucepan, add vinegar, and stir in. Set aside until the curd has separated. Strain through fine wire strainer—the curd will remain in the strainer. Put this into a bowl with sugar, eggs, and essence; beat until very smooth, stir in currants.

Place about half a teaspoonful of jam in each patty-case. Spoon in the filling to about half depth of patty-case. Bake in moderately hot oven 10 to 15 minutes.

STEAMED RHUBARB ROLY-POLY

Eight ounces flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. finely shredded cold water, 2 to 3 cups sliced rhubarb, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon ground ginger, 1 dessertspoon water.

Sift flour, salt, baking-powder, and sugar; mix in suet. Add enough cold water to mix to a stiff dry dough; roll out into a large oblong sheet. Brush with water, cover with rhubarb and the extra sugar, sprinkle over the ground ginger and dessertspoon water. Roll up as for swiss roll and tie securely in a pudding-cloth. Lower into large pan of boiling water, cover, and simmer steadily for 2 hours. Serve with custard or whipped cream.



some floor polishes build up and

So-called "self-shining" polishes "build-up" wax. New layer on old, up and up, sealing in dirt and grime, discolouring floors. But here's the let down—that "build-up" must be removed and stripping takes hours of hard work.

there's no 'build-up' and no discolouring with

SPICY FRUIT SLICE

Pastry: Eight ounces self-raising flour, 2oz. rice flour, 1oz. cornflour, 1oz. butter or substitute, 2oz. castor sugar, 1 egg, water, sugar. Sift flours, rub in butter, add sugar; mix to fairly dry dough with eaten egg. Divide pastry in half. Roll out one half to line a greased oblong tin, spread over prepared filling, and top with remaining rolled pastry. Prick a little with fork. Brush over lightly with water, sprinkle with sugar. Bake in moderately hot oven approximately 15 minutes, or until pastry is nicely browned. Cut into squares. Served warm with cream or custard, these are also delicious as a dessert. Filling: Half pound dates, 1lb. sultanas, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 cup mixed peel, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon arrowroot.

Combine chopped dates, sultanas, peel, cinnamon, and water in saucepan; cook to just boiling, then simmer 5 minutes. Blend arrowroot with lemon rind and juice, stir into fruit mixture; cook gently, stirring until thickened. Remove from heat, blend in butter, cool.

APPLE PUFF PUDDING

Two cups stewed apples, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, little milk.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in the egg, then stir in flour (which has been sifted with the baking-powder) alternately with just enough milk to mix to a smooth, thick batter.

Pour some of batter into well-greased pudding-basin, cover with a layer of apple, then more batter and more apple, finishing with batter. The basin should not be

more than two-thirds full. Cover with greased paper or pudding-cloth; steam 1½ hours. Serve with hot custard or just simply pour golden syrup over each serving.

LITTLE CUSTARD TARTS

Six ounces shortcrust pastry (see pastry recipes on this page), 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 pint milk, 1 teaspoon melted butter, little grated nutmeg.

Roll out pastry, cut into rounds with a biscuit-cutter, and line 12 small patty-tins.

Beat together well the egg, sugar, and cornflour; add milk gradually, then butter. Spoon mixture into the lined patty-tins, sprinkle with nutmeg. Bake in hot oven 10 minutes, reduce heat to moderate and cook a further 10 to 20 minutes or until pastry is brown. Cool on wire rack.

OLD-FASHIONED TRIFLE

One sponge-cake layer, 1 packet jelly crystals (any flavor), apricot, strawberry, or other jam, 1 cup sherry or rum, 1 large can sliced peaches, 1 pint thick custard, 2oz. chopped walnuts, whipped cream, glace cherries.

Cut the sponge cake horizontally and spread with the jam; sandwich layers together again and cut in about six sections to fit glass dish.

Drain peaches. Make syrup from peaches up to a pint if necessary with water. Heat syrup and dissolve jelly in it. Set aside to cool, but do not allow to set.

Coarsely chop one-quarter of the peaches, place in bottom of glass dish. Arrange the sponge cake over and press down on top of fruit.

Sprinkle over the sherry, leave to soak.

Pour over the cooled jelly and leave until cake has soaked up liquid jelly. Cover with about half of remaining peach slices and refrigerate until jelly has set. Now add a layer of custard and spread evenly. Decorate with remaining peaches, whipped cream, chopped walnuts, and glace cherries.

Trifle may also be set in a square cake-tin; cut into squares to serve.

ECCLES CAKES

Eight ounces flaky pastry (see pastry recipes on this page), 2oz. chopped peel, 4oz. currants, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and mixed spice, milk, and castor sugar to glaze.

Roll out pastry 1in. thick, cut into rounds with a large-sized scone cutter. Combine peel, currants, sugar, and spices; put a teaspoon of this mixture into the centre of each round. Wet edges of the rounds, draw pastry together at the centre and seal. Turn over and roll gently into an oval shape without allowing the filling to come through. Make three incisions on smooth side with knife or scissors. Brush with milk, sprinkle with castor sugar. Bake in hot oven 15-20 minutes.

Note: If, instead of cutting three slits, a small cross is cut in the centre of the pastry, these then are known as the traditional Banbury Tarts. The cut in the centre signifies the Banbury Cross.

CARAMEL BREAD PUDDING

Two pints milk, 1 cup brown sugar firmly packed, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon butter, 4 eggs, 4 slices stale bread, jam.

Spread bread with jam and cut into fingers (the crusts can be cut from the bread). Arrange in well-greased piedish. Scald milk and, when hot, add sugar, salt, and butter; mix in well, then pour gradually on to beaten eggs, beating all the time. Return to saucepan, cook a further few minutes, stirring; do not allow to boil. Remove from heat, stir in vanilla. Pour carefully over bread in piedish. Stand in another dish of hot water, bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until set.

Pastries

Shortcrust, biscuit, and flaky pastry is called for in some of the recipes in this feature.

When a recipe calls for "8 ounces" of a particular pastry, this means the amount of pastry made with 8oz. flour among the ingredients. The following recipes will all make this quantity. The recipes can be increased or reduced to make a greater or lesser amount of pastry, but be sure all ingredients are increased or reduced in proportion.

FLAKY PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, about 1 pint water, lemon juice.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt into bowl. Divide butter or substitute into 4 portions of 1oz. each. Rub one portion of fat into flour with fingertips, mix with just enough cold water (to which a squeeze of lemon juice has been added) to give a firm dough. Knead until smooth; rest 10 minutes. Roll out to oblong strip about 8in. x 5in. Take second portion of fat and dot it in small pieces evenly over the top two-thirds of dough. Fold up bottom third and fold top third down. Seal open edges, give dough a half turn. Rest dough 10 minutes. Repeat twice more until all fat is used. Rest dough 30 minutes after last rolling, then use as directed.

SHORTCRUST PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, pinch salt, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4 tablespoons water, squeeze lemon juice.

Sift dry ingredients, rub or cut in butter lightly until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Mix to dry dough with water and lemon juice. Turn on to lightly floured board, knead very lightly, roll to size and shape required.

Sweet Shortcrust: Use recipe as

(Turn to page 40)



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for — lino, timber and cork

FISHER'S WAX



The Australian Women's Weekly — April 22, 1964



IT'S THE PREPARATION that counts in making this duck dinner a superb culinary achievement.

Recipe for soused duck wins £5

● A Victorian reader wins the £5 prize in our weekly recipe contest with a delicious dinner dish, featuring duck.

THE duck is marinated for four hours, browned in oil, then cooked slowly, *en casserole*, in the marinade.

Garnished with boiled potatoes and sautéed mushrooms it is a dinner-party dish par excellence. All spoon measurements are

level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup is used throughout.

SOUSED DUCK

One medium-sized duck, salt, pepper, 1 stalk celery (chopped), 2 carrots (chopped), 1 sliced onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup gin, 3 tablespoons red currant jelly, 1 strip lemon rind, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint

dry white wine, 4oz. bacon, 2 tablespoons oil, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint chicken stock, little chopped parsley, 1 bay leaf, sprig of thyme or little dried thyme, 2 cloves garlic (crushed), 12 new cooked potatoes, 1lb. mushrooms (sliced and sautéed in a little butter).

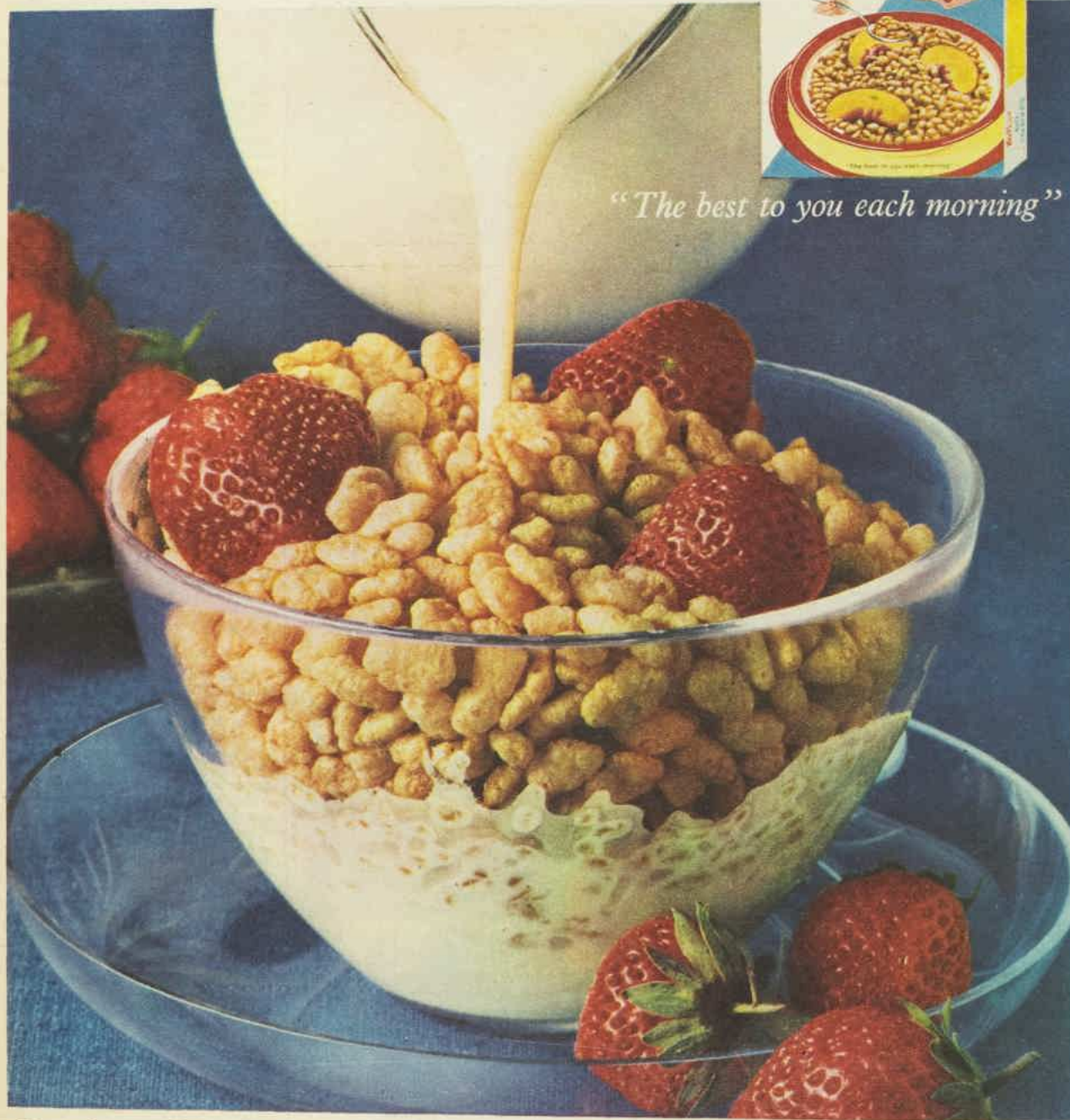
Cut duck into serving-size pieces and put in large basin. Add salt and pepper, celery, carrots, onion, gin, red currant jelly, lemon rind and dry white wine. Stand duck in marinade mixture at least 4 hours, turning occasionally. Remove duck pieces from marinade, drain and dry. Dice bacon, sauté in oil until golden; remove bacon, add duck pieces and brown all over. Add bacon and duck in heatproof casserole, add pan juices. Add marinade mixture, chicken stock, bay leaf, bay leaf, thyme, garlic. Cover and simmer over low heat for 2 hours or until duck is tender. Skim off fat, adjust seasoning. Garnish with boiled potatoes and sautéed mushrooms.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. L. Kangur, 23A Wantirna Rd., Ringwood, Victoria.

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they could tell you how nourishing, too. But then everyone knows that rice is one of the world's most nourishing grains. Enjoy them—soon!

*Rice Bubbles is a registered trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

K742

Low calorie recipe

FILLETS of sole with mushrooms is a rich sounding dish, but it has only 160 calories per serving.

For non-dieters add some tiny new potatoes, boiled, skinned, rolled first in hot melted butter, then parsley.

FILLETS OF SOLE WITH ORANGE

One pound fresh or quick-frozen fillets of sole, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, salt, 10 peppercorns, 1-3rd cup orange juice, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, grilled mushrooms.

Wash and dry fish (or thaw frozen fish) and put in shallow ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with orange rind, peppercorns, and salt. Pour orange juice over and cover with piece of buttered greaseproof paper or aluminium foil; bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Transfer fish to serving-plate and spoon strained juice over. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve with grilled mushrooms.

Serves four—160 calories per serving (with mushrooms).

Grilled Mushrooms: Half-pound mushrooms, salt, pepper, 1oz. butter (melted).

Wipe mushrooms and trim stalks. Place stalk side up in grill pan. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle with melted butter. Cook under a heated grill until soft. Serve immediately with fish.

OLD-FASHIONED FAVORITES

From page 39

above, but add 1 dessertspoon of castor sugar for every 8oz. flour. Dissolve sugar in the water before adding it to the flour.

BISCUIT PASTRY

Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. spoon baking-powder, 4oz. butter or substitute, 4oz. castor sugar, 1 egg yolk.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg yolk, beat well. Sift flour and baking-powder, mix into the creamed mixture and knead lightly until well combined. Turn on to floured board, roll out as required, direct.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, gives some information about this beautiful Victorian meat dish owned by a reader.

I would be very interested to learn something about my large plate which I believe came from Ireland over 100 years ago. — Mrs. L. E. Harrison, 214 New England Highway, Maitland, N.S.W.

Your charming blue-and-white meat dish right was made about 1825-1845, in England. It was originally part of a dinner service and exemplifies a style of English dinner-ware which became popular during the Victorian era.

The firms of Wedgwood, Spode, and Enoch Wood produced many fine examples of transfer-decorated dishes and plates, etc. Underglaze blue was extensively used, but greens, puce, and browns also became popular colors, especially during Victorian times. Italianesque, oriental, Indian, and American views were used to decorate the wares.

The English potter catered for an American demand, and, as a result, many minor Staffordshire and Liverpool potters imitated the wares of some of the most famous factories.



Household Hints

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these handy hints for the housewife.

FOR a quick, delicious dessert, peel, core, and halve 1lb. pears and simmer for 20 minutes in a saucepan with one pint lemonade. They can be served with cream, but are equally good without. — H. Sauverain, M.S. 1180, Millmerran, Qld.

★ ★ ★
Before using a new pack of cards, rub both sides of each card with a piece of silk dipped in boracic acid powder and polish with another piece of silk. They will be much easier to deal, and will keep their appearance longer. — Mrs. G. W. Stevens, 10 Royston Ave., East Malvern, Vic.

★ ★ ★
Wash all woollen and wool-mixture garments in cold water with one of the special woollen detergents and you will have no shrinkage or matting. Rinse in cold water, also, and spread to dry in the usual manner. — Miss D. Faraghu, 1 Dunbar St., Ryde, N.S.W.

★ ★ ★
Cardboard breakfast-cereal packets are good for shopping lists. Cut them into 6in. by 4in. strips and write on the plain side. They are easier to find in a shopping-bag or basket than paper, and cost nothing. — Miss A. Lee, 5 Clarence St., South Perth.

OUR TRANSFER



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CAR M	71.6	18.1	37	4' 7 1/2"	10' 0 1/2"	8 GREASING POINTS
CAR V	71.7	15.8	40	5' 0 1/2"	13' 4 1/2"	8 GREASING POINTS
CAR F	76.8	17.8	41	4' 9 1/2"	12' 9 1/2"	11 GREASING POINTS

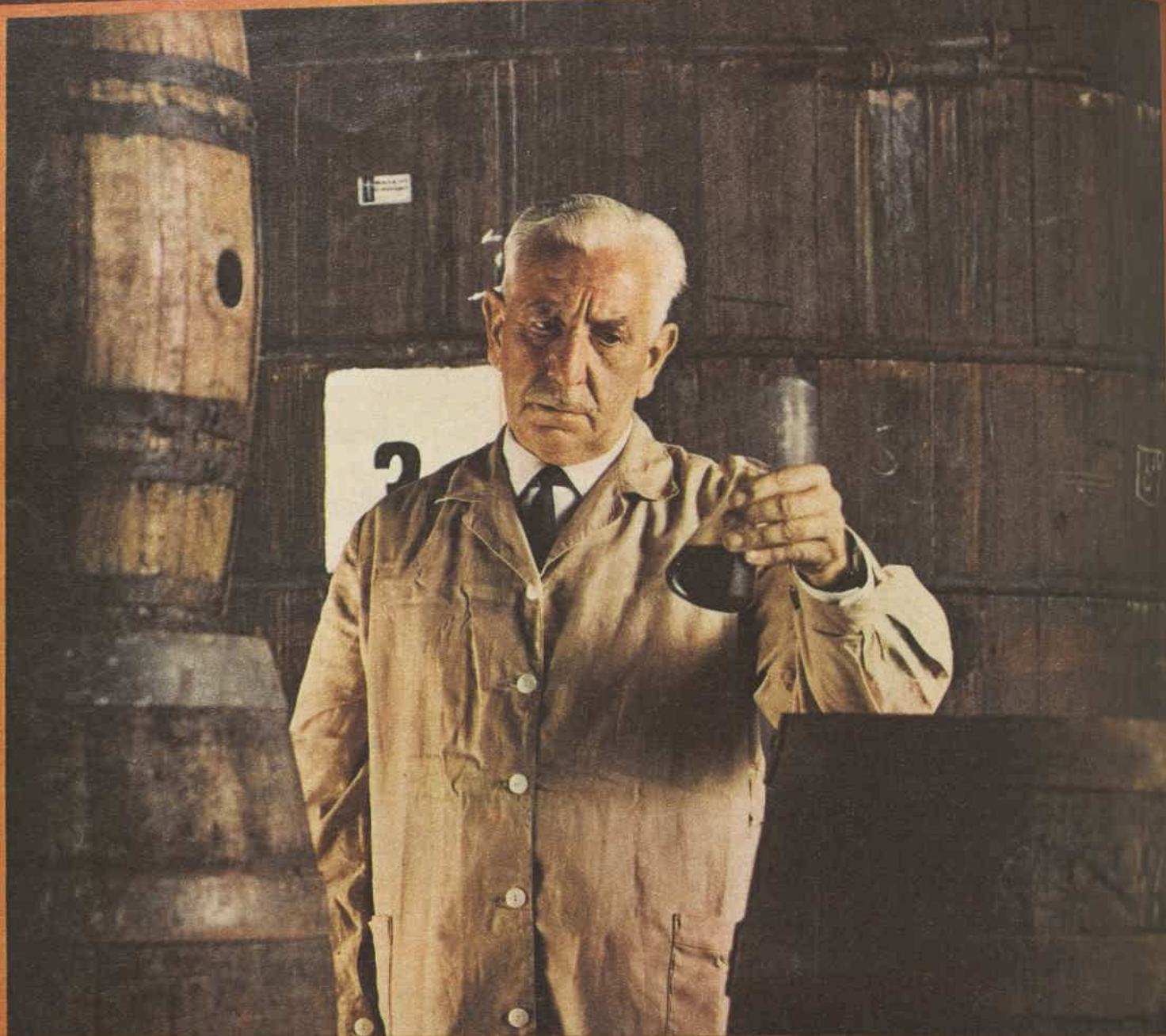
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HOLBROOKS WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE



A GARDEN OF GOLD

● You don't need green fingers to turn your garden into gold with these minimum-care plants.

THE ancients worshipped gold as the embodiment of the sun's life-giving color—and the modern gardener would do well to follow their interest in this cheerful hue.

A touch of golden yellow will brighten the shadiest corner—and lavish use of it can make your garden the most spectacular for miles around.

Fortunately, nature has given us a wide range of golden flowers to suit every aspect and season. Those shown on this page are only a sampling of the glowing beauties available, many of them Australian natives.

While the golden shades are good mixers, they are also particularly effective on their own or used in conjunction with silvery-grey-leaved plants.

A rockery carpeted the year round in golden flowers is a sight not easily

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forgotten, as is a mixed or perennial border planted entirely in this sunny color.

Here is a short list of plants with golden flowers:

TREES: THEVETIA, PERUVIANA, LABURNUM (golden rain), ACACIA (wattle).

SHRUBS: FORSYTHIA (golden bells), MAHONIA (Oregon grape), CYTISUS (broom), HIBISCUS, HELIANTHEMUM (sun rose), HYPERICUM (St. John's Wort), KERRIA JAPONICA, ROSA

THE "MIDAS TOUCH"

HUGONIS, SPARTIUM (Spanish broom), AZALEA, and RHODODENDRON.

PERENNIALS: POTENTILLA AUREA, ANTHEMIS (chamomile), SOLIDAGO (golden rod), CHRYSANTHEMUM, DAHLIA, VIOLETS, KNIPHOFIA, OENOTHERA (evening primrose), POLYANTHUS, RUDBECKIA SPECIOSA, VERBASCUM.

ANNUALS: CALENDULA, CHEIRANTHUS (wallflowers), COREOPSIS, SUNFLOWER, AFRICAN MARIGOLD, VIOLA.

BULBS: DAFFODILS, CROCUS, JONQUILS, TULIPS, CANNAS, HEMEROCALLIS (day lilies), IRIS OCHROLEUCA.



LANTANA. "Cloth of Gold" (*Lantana camara*), at left, is a brilliantly attractive member of the verbena family from Texas. Useful for hedges or shrub borders, where it can be kept within bounds. Queensland gardeners had best avoid it; it can become a pest in tropical districts.



SENECIOS or groundels (at right) are a large family of herbaceous perennials with massed daisy-like flowers. They are easily propagated from cuttings and succeed in almost any soil. Good varieties include *S. greyii*, *S. grandifolius*, *S. laxifolius*, and *S. magnificus*.

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ALYSSUM. "Gold Dust" (at left) is a dazzling miniature perennial usually propagated by seed usually where it is to grow. *Alyssum saxatile* is its formal name — the only true yellow member of the Sweet Alice family. It prefers sandy soil in a warm position, and flowers most in the spring.



JASMINUM nudiflorum, the "winter jasmine" (at right), is known to the Japanese as "the flower that welcomes spring," for it starts to bloom from bare stems in winter and in some districts in late autumn. It makes an untidy shrub grouping; needs room to spread in rich soil.

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ACHILLEA or milfoil (at left) is a hardy perennial that spreads rapidly in almost any soil. The yellow variety, *Achillea filipendulina*, makes a striking display in late spring, when flat crowded heads are sent up on long stems. Achilleas are planted out or divided in autumn.



ABUTILONS, or "Chinese lanterns" (var. *Yellow Gem*, at right), are useful evergreen shrubs, which do well in shade or full sun. They may be propagated from cuttings, layers, or seeds, and are related to the hibiscus, which they strongly resemble. Prune hard after flowering.

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So gentle it won't harm the petals of a rose...
or so vigorous it washes the grimeiest overalls spotless!

ONLY HOOVER KEYMATIC HAS 2 WASHING-ACTIONS

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AUTOMATIC WASHER

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Japanese lantern and little bridge for the garden

● Although he has never seen an authentic Japanese garden lantern, Mr. Eric Leet, of Bankstown, N.S.W., makes them from a small version.

WHEN Mr. Leet saw a picture of a Japanese lantern in The Australian Women's Weekly he wrote telling us of the ones he has made.

We saw his lanterns and found them so attractive we asked how they were made. Mr. Leet's directions, and the order in which the pieces were constructed, are given below (he found it easier to make the difficult ones first).

Materials: Pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. softwood; $\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide strips of galvanised iron; some 3in. nails; birdcage wire; pieces of thin copper wire; $\frac{1}{4}$ in. bolts 2in. long; $\frac{1}{16}$ in. reinforcing wire; plasterer's trowel.

TO MAKE LANTERN

Second Base (Hexagonal shape on top of legs): Make pattern by ruling $12\frac{1}{2}$ in. line on heavy paper or light cardboard. Mark centre point and draw three 60-degree angles each side of line. Mark point $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. from centre point on each angle line. Join points into hexagonal shape.

Cut 6 pieces of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. softwood to size and nail round outside of pattern (see picture 1). Bevel timber to get slight dip in outside edge of concrete.

Pour $\frac{1}{2}$ in. layer of concrete on to paper; lay birdcage wire (similarly shaped but $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. short of frame) on top. Build up with more cement until a centre thickness of $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. is reached. Measure depth with 3in. nail, 6in. from edge points.

Now add circular platform to centre of second base. Make 6in. diameter circle of $\frac{1}{2}$ in.-wide galvanised iron.

for inserting. Check diameter by inserting 3in. nail into wet cement $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. from each outside point; circle should rest on these marks. Fill iron frame with cement.

When just firm, smooth, and scour top with plasterer's knife. Trim concrete $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in from outer edge to give stepped shaping (see picture 2).

If putting a light in lantern, rotate a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter pipe in centre of circle until concrete is set.

Lid (Hexagonal shape on top of lantern): Made in same way as second base, but has $20\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter with $10\frac{1}{2}$ in. angle lines. Shape mushroom top separately by placing galvanised iron circle on lid centre; fill with cement. When almost dry, put dollop of cement on top; shape into knob with fingers. Shaping is done with plasterer's knife.

Windows (Make 6): Approximately 3in. high by $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide. Cut paper pattern to size. Nail $\frac{1}{2}$ in. softwood pieces round outside edge. Set galvanised iron, bent to shape, $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from inside of frame. Make 2 small saw cuts on underside of frame, 1in. in from top and bottom edges of side pieces. Fit 3in. lengths of copper wire into cuts projecting 1in. into concrete area. Cut birdcage wire in one piece just smaller than window before pouring cement.

Pour thin layer of cement. Place birdcage wire on top. Set bolts into top of 3 windows, 1in. from side (see picture 3), and projecting $\frac{1}{2}$ in. (these later fit into underside of lid). Cover with cement to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. When set, remove galvanised iron.

Legs (Make 4): These are $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. high, tapering to $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. Top edge measures $8\frac{1}{2}$ in.; bottom is 12in. across.

Make legs by nailing pieces

of timber over paper pattern. Strips of galvanised iron form the curve. Undersides of wooden frame have saw cuts for copper wires, 2in. from top and bottom.

Cut birdcage wire to fill leg, trim short of edges, but leave longer at top edge of 2 legs (see picture 4).

With copper wire in cuts, protruding 1in. into leg, pour $\frac{1}{2}$ in. cement into frame, lay birdcage wire on top. Cement to required thickness.

To Join Lantern: Twist corresponding wires on neighboring legs together. Bend ends down. Fill leg joints with cement. Allow to dry.

First Base: Cut square of hardboard to exact measurements of inside leg tops. Pile bricks underneath to support hardboard. Pour a little cement over hardboard. Overlay both long pieces of birdcage wire from legs and cover with cement. Shape from outside to centre with trowel to form small dome $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick in centre to take second base.

When shaping first base on top of legs, place $\frac{1}{2}$ in. piece of piping in centre on top of hardboard to correspond with hole in second base, and rotate until cement is set.

Before first base hardens, reverse second base and swivel into position on top. Remove brick supports, hardboard, and pipe when dry.

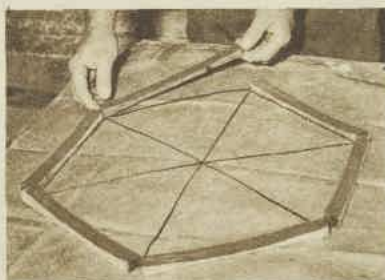
Tie windows together by twisting wires, then cement joints. Allow to dry. Cement window sections into position on second base, protruding bolts should be uppermost. Bend the $\frac{1}{16}$ in. reinforcing wire round centre top and cover with cement.

Hold lid over windows and mark position of bolts. At these points drill $\frac{1}{2}$ in. holes, then position lid. Sandpaper finished lantern.

Finished lantern stands about 21in. high and costs approximately 15/- to make.



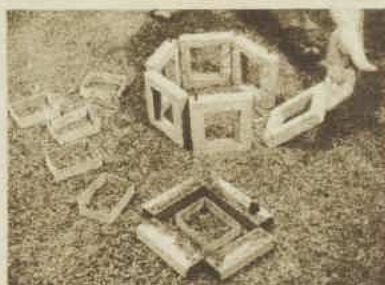
JAPANESE LANTERN and arched wooden bridge give an oriental atmosphere to Mr. and Mrs. Eric Leet's garden.



1: Nail timber pieces to pattern. Reduce centre depth slightly.



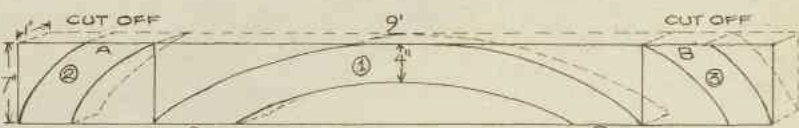
2: Shape second base concrete, using the plasterer's trowel.



3: Galvanised iron, bent to shape, frames each window.



4: Legs are made over pattern with timber pieces and iron.



THE diagram above shows how Mr. Leet made the little wooden bridge in his garden at Bankstown, N.S.W. Below are the directions for building it.

The bridge is 18in. wide, 5ft. 9in. long, and measures 14in. high at centre of arc.

Using dressed oregon, cut two arched beam supports from two 9ft. lengths of 7in. x 1in. timber. About 32 pieces of decking are required, each $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 1in. and 18in. long.

Determine the curve by bending a piece of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. steel reinforcement rod, cut to the required length. Then pencil the curve on to the timber.

Make each of the two arched beams in three sections so the correct arc can be cut from a 7in. piece of timber.

With the first arc drawn, take rod away, measure another arc, 4in. lower, parallel with the first arc on the inside.

Cut along both marks with keyhole saw.

Use the timber cut off each end of the arc to continue arc to correct length. (See diagram.)

The second and third parts of the arched beams are skew-nailed and glued to complete beam.

Now place the arched beams 14in. apart and nail three braces of $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. x 1in. timber on the inside to keep firm.

Attach braces with 2in. nails. Nail to centre of beams, one at the highest point and the other two 6in. from each end. This gives the bridge a firm base.

Attach decking with 2in. nails, leaving 1in. gaps between each slat. Position the 18in.-long slats $\frac{1}{2}$ in. beyond arched beams at both ends.

Before nailing decking, place arched beams over a wooden trestle to keep them off the ground and prevent glued joints being damaged.

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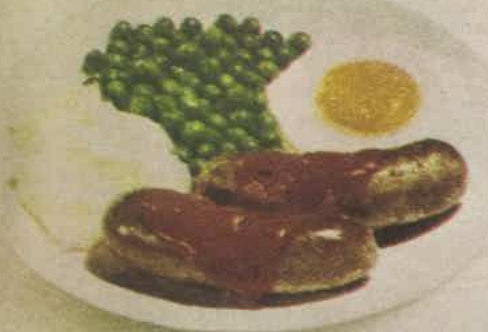
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"No, he didn't."
 "Why didn't he? You said downstairs he didn't much care for you entering the house alone, for fear somebody might be lurking. But not today, eh?"
 "No. This morning I was awake at some unearthly hour and they were all asleep, so I crept back here without disturbing them."
 He looked at her sympathetically. "Must be a bit tough for you, Mrs. Robins, every time you do come in."
 "It is. And yet I want to come creeping back all the time."
 "Yes. Staying with friends can be mightily overdone, in my opinion. When's that locksmith coming to put you on that new lock?"
 "He said he'd be here yesterday. He's been away. We've only one in the town, you know."
 "How long were you in this

Continued from page 19

morning before you noticed that box?"
 "About half an hour. I had some breakfast before I came upstairs."
 "Had you opened any windows or doors?"
 "No, none. Everything was still shut up."
 "Yes, I see. That takes care of that, then. Somebody used the missing key while you were out." He returned to his scrutiny of the box, touched it with his foot, and felt its innocent lightness. "Well," he said, "we'll hope it hasn't got a bomb in it!" and stooped and picked it up in his handkerchief.
 "You think there might be fingerprints on it?" she asked.
 "I don't think there's a chance

COME SEE ME DIE

in life, Mrs. Robins. Though it's got a nice shiny surface, I guess that's been taken care of. No, the puzzle it presents us with won't be solved that easy, I'm afraid." Taking off the lid, he found the box empty, except for a layer of cotton wool. He turned it over and read aloud from the tiny sticker on the back: "Made in Hong Kong," then commented: "A present to someone, the price has been rubbed off in the corner here. See?"
 "Just an empty box, no rhyme or reason! Nothing to say why or who or what!" Her voice ended in a dying note: "Hopeless, impossible."
 "Oh, I wouldn't go that far," he objected cheerfully, the physician

rallying to rout the symptoms of galloping consumption or leprosy. He stood with the box resting on his handkerchief on his palm, and the expression on his dark face was that of a man presented with an amusing parlor game.
 "Look at it this way," he said: "In my opinion—as in yours—it was left here with a purpose, and that purpose was meant to be discovered. So they wouldn't make it too hard for us, would they? Not impossible, I mean."
 "No, No," she conceded.
 "For instance. You can see it's new, clean, and fresh. Not a mark on it. Except this tiny dint where a fine string's been tied round it over the paper. It hasn't

been lying about in some drawer or cupboard. It's something bought recently, sure. But not bought, I'd say, Sydney. That would be selling too hard a job. Somewhere in that idea, anyhow."
 "Doesn't the prospect annoy you?"
 "Can't say it does."
 "Why doesn't it?"
 "Only needs a bit of patience, you know. You could say what our work consists of, and common sense. And a little help now and then from the scientific boys!"
 At the door, a thought struck him and he turned and looked at Sarah again. She noticed a flash of fun in his eye.
 "Look now, Mrs. Robins, you like a nice surprise?"
 His tone was indulgent, as though he felt that after her many trials she was glad to give her a hand to soothe and comfort her.
 She looked back at him with a smile.
 "Anything nice would be a surprise!"
 "Well, this one I reckon'd give nine women out of ten. Of course my hunch could be wrong, but just go across and open that drawer in the desk."
 She stared. "What on earth do you put there?"
 "I haven't put anything there, but it's my guess that the present that left that box brought a little present for you at the same time."
 She jerked open the drawer.
 The inspector had been lying back in their velvet case, as though they had been in it, were the missing gold ornaments.
 Amazed, she leant over them. Yes, here they were, all right. The lovely entwined ropes of pearls, the bracelets, the rings, the brooch.
 "But how?" she asked. "Who made you think—?"
 "Didn't need much research effort," he said with a laugh, and turned and ran down the stairs.
 Grogan's two other easy guesses were soon proved right: there were no fingerprints on the box and the shop from which it had come was near at hand.

THE

woman in the Gift Boutique in the arcade realised it promptly. It had been a silver chain bracelet hung round with tiny charms. A lot of sort of stuff, and beads and what came from the East. These had been in stock ten days, and as yet she had sold only six of them. She who to — that took a little reputation, a wrinkling of brows and straying of eyes past the unpolished shoulder as he leant on the counter exemplifying that patience which he had claimed as being so essential in his job.
 Well . . . she remembered one of these bracelets had been bought by a farmer for his teenage daughter's birthday, and another by a young man and his wife who were just leaving Melbourne that day. Then she collected she'd sold one to one of her own friends, a girl who worked at the Vanity Box hairdresser in the street. The other two she thought . . . Grogan let her think . . . the other two she sold last week, one to Mrs. Potts, the architect's wife, and the other to Mr. Roly Lovat in the arcade here.
 Grogan straightened up, thanked her for her information, and coming at his watch saw that it was past office hours, and leaving her steps across to Roly Lovat's.
 Roly was on the point of packing it in for the day, he said, but he was in no hurry, and drew forward a chair for Grogan and sat down again himself, leaning back with his air of exaggerated well-being. His vast satisfaction with the world in general was not unobtainable, except that that satisfaction included, rather too openly, himself. His crisp white shirt, his well-worn slacks, Thai silk tie, and hand-made monk shoes all told of the loving care which Roly expended on his own person.
 At Grogan's first question, (faintly) he oozed from Roly.
 Yes, he had bought a charm

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COME SEE ME DIE

"Can't say we have, Mrs. O'Hara. On the contrary, I've come in with another mystery, something to add to the first."

"Oh, don't say that!" She shut her eyes briefly, the color fanning into her face and receding, like a small wave lapping up and away.

She confirmed all the details of Roly's story; and as to what had become of the box she professed as great an ignorance of that as Roly had. She had no recollection of it at all, she said, and, in the light of its having appeared in this extraordinary fashion on the floor at Larchwood, how could she have any theories about it? It had been tossed away somewhere, she supposed, and someone had got hold of

it, and, for some unknown reason, had put it up there for Mrs. Robins to find. She was fearfully sorry that she couldn't help the inspector, but no—

She spread her pretty hands on the desk, the bracelet falling over the left one, and looked down at it thoughtfully, as though asking it to help solve this puzzle for them.

When the inspector had gone, Paul appeared in the doorway of the inner room. His hands in the pockets of his tightly buttoned coat, he stood looking across at his wife from under lowering brows. It was hard not to think that Paul saw himself in terms of fiction—but

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bracelet last week. A little present for Mrs. O'Hara at the library opposite. No, not a birthday present, or any other anniversary, or nothing like that. As a matter of fact, it was simply that Mrs. O'Hara was always so extremely kind to him. He was quite ashamed of the number of times he dropped in there when she had the coffee pot on! Little things like that. And he saw this trinket in the window of the Boutique and thought it would be an amusing trifle to give her—just a nonsensical gewgaw, the kind of thing a woman only wore for a month or two, maybe—as a small return for her hospitality.

Bachelors got so used to people being kind to them that they were in danger of taking it all far too much for granted, and a bachelor who lived with his dear old dad who wasn't up to having any entertaining going on in the house and a place like this where there wasn't what you could call a first-class restaurant to give people dinners in—well! Was that all right? The inspector wouldn't go thinking that he was sweet on Mrs. O'Hara, would he?

Grogan took a cigarette from the case that Roly held out and sat back in his chair. "Thanks, Mr. Lovat," he said. "Actually, it's not so much the bracelet I'm interested in, it's the box."

"The box?" Roly said blankly, frowning with his cigarette half way in his mouth.

"Yes, the box it was in when you bought it. This." He fished out of his pocket and tossed it across the table to the other.

ROLY took it up and looked at it, opened it and turned over. "What about it?" he asked last.

"Would you mind telling me everything you can remember about the giving of the present?"

"Yes, certainly, that's easy." He rapped the box on the table again and sent it back to the inspector with a flick of the finger. "After I'd bought it I came back here, and just before lunch the same day saw Mrs. O'Hara coming out of the library, and I asked her in and gave it to her. She thanked me and said what a pretty little thing it was, and put it on, and I never gave it another thought."

"I see. When she left here, she had the bracelet on, you say—did she take the box with her?"

Roly's none-too-intellectual forehead took on a puzzled frown, his mouth hung agape, he put up a hand and clutched at his hair. "No, don't remember, at least—I—he may have taken it with her, or he may have left it here. Though I don't recall seeing it afterwards. What's it all about, though? Am I to know that?"

"Oh, yes. Oh, yes, I was coming to that, Mr. Lovat"; and he told him of the box's sudden appearance in the middle of the Larchwood upstairs sitting-room floor.

Roly listened in silence, and Grogan, watching him, thought for the hundredth time what a pity it was that the human face could exhibit so much the same expression whether from guilt, fear, guileful acting, or plain, honest amazement.

At last he gave a sigh, pocketed the box, and said: "Well, any comment, Mr. Lovat?"

Roly came to life. "None. None whatever."

"Any theories?"

"Not a glimmer of a one. I never heard anything so inexplicable in my life. And if you can solve that one with nothing more to go on than what you've told me—well, I'll take off my hat to you."

They left the office together. Roly got into his car, slammed the door with a brief nod of goodbye, and shot away up the hill.

Grogan turned back and entered the library.

Laurette was alone in the room, and looked up brightly at him from behind her table.

"Good afternoon, Inspector. You're bringing good news, I hope? That you've got this horrid mystery of Mrs. Berry's death sorted out."

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rather old-fashioned fiction, unfortunately.

He said, in a drawing nasal tone: "I heard what you and that inspector fellow were saying."

"You couldn't fail to, Paul," Laurette said wearily, pushing a strand of fine soft hair behind her ear and looking at him as one might at someone already dead. Dead, perhaps, at last, finally, for her.

"Why do you never tell me the truth?" he asked.

"Because you react to it so extravagantly, I suppose. A simple truth like this would've thrown you into stitches. Roly and I have known each other since we were children and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should bring me a little present."

"Oh, all too natural, dear Laurette."

"I hope," she said, turning the bracelet round on her wrist and fingering the tiny silver horseshoe, the elephant, the crescent moon, the fish, the dice, "that you won't make a scene when you see him."

"I shan't make a scene," he assured her. "No, I shan't make any scene at all." He cupped a match for his cigarette in his hands, looked at her over it, and said, after a pregnant pause: "And now—the truth for a change—what did you do with the box?"

When Grogan got back to the police station, a tidy one-storey building with red-hot poker and love-lies-bleeding

Continued from page 49

decorating its strip of front garden, he found Sergeant Manning in a mood of ill-concealed optimism. With all the will in the world to maintain his usual gloomy front, a spark of cheerfulness would keep breaking out of his sad pop-eyes.

"I had a cup o' tea with that bloke Kerrigan down at the cafe a while ago," he told Grogan.

"Did you? He'll be getting a swelled head with all the attention we're giving him."

WITH a neat throw Grogan landed his hat on a hatstand and sat down at the table. "Chatty as ever, was he?"

"Oh, he wasn't too bad. In the course of conversation one little thing was let drop."

"Go on! Not corkscrewed out of him?"

"What nasty fact coming out would you say would be most likely to put a stop to the Wakefield wedding?"

"That's a hard one. In a town like this I'd say it wouldn't take much to upset the Appleton cart. They say his Mum already reckons the boy's throwing himself away on that girl."

"Well, make a guess."

"Look, Les, I'm not a Quiz Kid."

"In the course of conversation Kerrigan happened to mention that a month ago Wakefield took his business away from Lovat's office and

COME SEE ME DIE

told him he was goin' to collect his own rents in future."

Grogan dropped the pencil he had been doodling with and sat up. "Eh? Say that again?"

"You heard me. This bloke Wakefield's so bloody hard up he doesn't hardly know which way to turn. It's common talk his wife and daughter's run up bills galore, for the wedding, for the trousseau, for the do they're puttin' on. What else is common talk?" Manning leant across the table and emphasised the words with a tapping finger. "That this deputation to Wakefield claimed that Mrs. Cornelius does a bit o' sly-grog sellin'. Well, if she does, there's good money in that for her, and well worth a substantial increase in rent to the landlord to be let stay on."

"Well, Les, you could be on to something. If that's what Mrs. Berry got hold of and was hinting at in her letter to him, it must've shaken Wakefield. The thought that the Appleton clan might discover his daughter's trousseau was being partly financed by Mrs. Cornelius' immoral way of life and sly-grog trade!"

"Dynamite."

"Very nasty. He was powerless to shift her out of the house, he told the deputation. He could get her out all right if it could be proved that she was doing a bit of illicit drink selling. Being fifty soldiers' widows wouldn't protect her then! That tiff he and Lovat had that Kerrigan overheard. Why did her name specially come into that?"

Grogan took up the pencil and drew a circle on the pad and finished it with a tail. "When Wakefield said he was going to collect his own rents in future, did Lovat just rib him about it being no hardship to pay a weekly visit to Mrs. Cornelius, and did Wakefield lose his temper because he had a guilty conscience on the other score?"

Some of his habitual gloom settled back on Manning. "I'll give you there's a damn lot o' queries."

"I'll say! If it's a rake-off he's getting, why didn't he let Lovat go on collecting the three quid a week, or whatever, and she slip him the extra later?"

"How? A cheque with her name on it? A registered letter that his wife might get hold of? Put it in a hollow tree in the park? No, it's not all that easy in a place like this, where every eye's watchin' and every tongue's yakkety-yakkin'. To keep a business deal like this hidden. Better to be seen buzzin' round the cottages regular once a week. His visit to her last night. That could've been to warn her, if we contacted her, to do some hard thinkin' how she answered any questions."

It could be said that the calamitous events that rushed on so swiftly next day were brought about largely by Sarah's state of mind, indecision; that state of mind

which of all those that can afflict mankind is the most torturing.

The minor tergiversations that in the morning swayed her like a small breeze—what dress to wear, whether to take tea or coffee, to indulge in furious exercise or stay in bed—had, by evening, become a fatal wind bringing death in its wake. At one moment she decided to take the first plane and join her parents in Japan, at the next, she turned from the idea with sinking boredom, picturing the sightseeing, the necessary enthusiasm if she was not to spoil the parents' pleasure.

No, stick it out here. Here, at least, there was no effort demanded of her.

Or would she go down to Sydney for a while, go to the ballet, see an interesting play or two, and have an orgy of shopping?

No, she certainly would not, not with the heat and the crowds and Christmas looming.

What was making her like this? she kept nagging at herself. Why was she so wrought-up and yet so feeble-minded that all things seemed at a dead level, equal in futility?

Well, who would wonder? she kept answering, like a second self, to give the other reassurance. To have a murdered woman come toppling out of a tree on to you! To see the man you'd once loved—and you'd thought had once loved you—nearly shot to his death under your very eyes! To have your home invaded by some creeping monster setting jigsaw puzzles on your carpet with cardboard boxes! Wasn't all that enough to reduce your nerves to snapping point? She was suffering from shock, she told herself, delayed shock, and probably needed one of those new miracle tranquilisers or a psychiatrist.

And, anyhow, she protested, the eternal argument continuing as she got out of bed that morning and slipped on a dressing-gown, she didn't give a damn what she did or how she looked or what happened to her. She only wished that she could start to run and never stop, get away from this state of mind, or body, or whatever it was.

GLANCING at her watch, she saw that she had slept later than usual, and decided that again she would sidestep Hubert's coming with her, and slip home without anyone noticing.

No, she wouldn't. She'd have breakfast here first, save the bother of getting it at home, put off that moment of confronting another day of nothingness.

She went along to the dining-room where Katie and Debbie were just finishing. Hubert had eaten and gone out of doors.

Sarah said good morning with the heartiness in her tone of an invalid trying to conceal from her nurses a serious turn for the worse.

The room was bright with sun and had that air of prosperous comfort which Katie gave to her surroundings in spite of the struggle to make both ends meet going on behind the scenes. The old round cedar table—preference and purse rejected modern furnishings—gleamed invitingly with silver and china. No slummocky meals in the kitchen for Katie.

As Sarah sat down, Katie felt the teapot. "This tea's cold. Debbie, run and make Sarah some fresh."

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VPT

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Debbie rose, but Sarah had by now made up her mind that it was coffee she wanted and that she'd make it herself, and she went out to the kitchen.

Katie looked after her with lifted brows of concern. "Anything fresh, Debbie?" she asked, taking another piece of toast and a dab of butter and preparing to stay a little longer if her advisory talents were likely to be needed. "Apart, I mean, from yesterday's mysterious box incident."

"Isn't that enough?" Debbie didn't look up from the morning paper or seem eager to take Sarah's mood to pieces.

"I suppose so. Though probably it's not mysterious at all. It's probably got some perfectly simple explanation."

"Such as?"
"Ah, don't ask me. But I mean, it's easy enough to make mistakes when one's in a nervous state, and

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no one can deny that Sarah is little more than two parts with us these days. How can she be sure that the box wasn't somewhere in the house, and that she absent-mindedly took something out of it and dropped it on the floor or—something of the sort?" she ended lamely.

"Mum, you know that's impossible."

"Oh, I'm not saying it's exactly that, but all the same . . ."

That Roly Lovat had bought the bracelet that had been in the box and given it to Laurette was now known to everyone. It had been mentioned without reserve by Laurette when Katie had gone into the library just before it closed yesterday.

COME SEE ME DIE

On getting home, however, Katie had talked the incident over with Debbie in quite other terms. "Do you really think, Deb," she had queried, "that there's anything between Roly and Laurette?"

"Could be."

"But surely we'd've noticed some sign of it."

"Would we? Laurette's a deep little soul, all that blushing and fluttering is all on the surface. I'm sure she's deadly sick of Paul, anyhow."

"I don't see why she should be. He's quite an interesting person, you find, when you talk to him."

Debbie had lifted her eyes to her mother's face. "Yes, but Roly's quite a charmer, isn't he?"

"Oh I don't know about that, but

I'd think he'd want someone a bit more amusing than Laurette. However, I only know that with Sarah moping about in this homeless fashion, poor girl, and the gaping silence next door—those black windows staring out at night!—Larchwood is beginning to seem like a damned old mausoleum. Such a shame, the dear old place! Something will have to be done about it before it gets any worse."

Debbie nodded, her eyes still on the paper. With her creamy unblemished morning skin, her bright hair and thick glinting lashes, and her ravishing neck and arms, she rested on her perfections without too much will to cogitation.

Katie, brisk and alert in a trim morning frock, her eyes narrowed

on the morsel of toast in her hand, was ready now, as ever, to go into combat to events. She was a woman to see a situation, and bring it more into line with her idea of what was right and proper, and, once embarked on a course of action, it appeared impossible for her to draw back or admit defeat.

"Definitely," she repeated, "something should be done to take her out of herself. She'd slumped before this awful murder in the house. At first when she came back from Europe she seemed happy, delighted to be shut off from her fearful husband of hers who was his time bolting away with other women and spending his money on them. But now—perhaps she'd be glad to be back with him!—how, I'm worried about her. She's a sweet creature and shouldn't be allowed to mope."

Sarah came in with her coffee and sat down again. She poured herself a cup and sipped, glancing from Katie to Debbie. "Well, dear, and what have you been saying about me?"

Bluntly, Katie told her.

Sarah listened, sipped her coffee, rested her eyes on the green of the lawns beyond the window, brought them back to Katie, and said: "I know, Katie, I know. Everything you say is true. I should rouse myself, do something, give a party or something."

"Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea, even that. Ask a few people in for drinks. A few bright young people would make short work of the gothic gloom in there! It'd be trodden underfoot with cigarette butts and swept out in the morning with the broken plates. The noise and clatter would send poor Theda Berry's wraith scuttling away to cover like the Clamorous Ghost."

SARAH thought, over, thought yes, at first, then thought no; said that "a few people in for drinks" meant more time spent in the kitchen than the meat and beef of Olde England and Yorkshire pudding and three veg. To say nothing of the fact that you were with twenty and ended up with fifty. She thought again, aware that her own wishes were no match for Katie's, who always knew so positively what was good for others.

"No, Katie, I couldn't do that."

"All right, all right, my dear, it was only a suggestion," Katie folded her napkin with a little frown on her face.

"But I'll compromise, I'll give you all a slap-up dinner in my best style with Dad's champagne, and even as she said the words they almost faded on her lips as she looked out across the garden and wondered regretfully why she hadn't been content to lie in a hammock under the trees and read and drowse and forget."

Katie, noticing the wavering, clinched the matter with enthusiasm. "Now that'd be perfectly lovely," and realistic and practical as ever added: "But no cooking at the last minute. It may be a hot night and you don't want to be spending the evening over the stove. What's wrong with chicken mayonnaise and strawberries and

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THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting April 15.

- ARIES**
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Gambling colors, lilac, red.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.
- ★ Could be a week of much stress and change, when prudence would have to be used. You've got to channel that excess of energy. 16th adverse—accident prone, so take extra care.
- TAURUS**
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, black.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
- ★ A time of mounting tension when you should use your conserving instincts to the full. Wise to stick to routine, particularly on the 16th and 21st.
- GEMINI**
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Monday.
- ★ Partnership and marriage matters could suffer abrupt changes. Plan is to go quietly and start nothing new. The 16th and 21st are distinctly adverse.
- CANCER**
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.
- ★ There is much tension in the heavens and it could influence you mentally. You'll have to keep calm and be travel-cautious. The 16th bad for love and marriage.
- LEO**
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- ★ The stars put strain on every department of life. The 16th is disruptive and could bring domestic and financial trouble. The 21st is allergic to friendship and to new associations.
- VIRGO**
AUG. 23-SEPT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- ★ There could be big changes in your personal life and environment, something unexpected that changes the trend of living. A week for caution, especially on the 16th and 21st.
- LIBRA**
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, rose, blue.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- ★ You'll need all your sense of balance and love of harmony. You'll have to be especially alert on the 15th-16th and be careful what to write or say. 21st is bad for romance.
- SCORPIO**
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, green, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
- ★ Your tendency to avoid extremes and to go the whole hog would certainly not pay off. There's too much turbulence in the zodiac. 16th-16th and the 21st are danger dates.
- SAGITTARIUS**
NOV. 23-DEC. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.
- ★ If you have a gimmick to plug and what Sagittarius is not a saleswoman and propagandist?—tread water. It could prove a week of stress and delay. Don't trust to "luck."
- CAPRICORN**
DEC. 21-JAN. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, pink, grey.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- ★ Hardworking and industrious Capricornians could get more responsibilities this week. They will have to watch their love affairs, their job, and focus their minds.
- AQUARIUS**
JAN. 20-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, pink, red.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.
- ★ The best part of the week is the weekend. There could be abrupt change in work conditions or loss of friends. Anyhow, there is much tension and tumult, so venture nothing.
- PISCES**
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, orange, red.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Tuesday.
- ★ A week which could inaugurate big changes, especially in the marriage contract. Middle is best, and at the end there will be a tendency for delaying and frustrating influences to prevail.
- [The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Continued from page 52

cream? Everyone loves that. And not just ourselves, darling, a family party's so dull. Get William, and two others."

Sarah recalled two dinners eaten with the O'Haras at the library, and said she'd ask Paul and Laurette, but demurred that William was always so busy these days she wouldn't ask him.

Katie said nonsense, he could refuse if he couldn't come. Leave the telephoning to her; she was ringing him this morning on business and would give him Sarah's invitation, and Debbie, of course, would be speaking to Conrad.

While Sarah ate her breakfast, Katie was on the telephone. Returning, she reported that William was sorry he couldn't manage tonight, so she'd taken the liberty of asking Roly Lovat for the fourth man, and he and the O'Haras would be delighted.

Committed and commanded by a superior will, Sarah, like a front-line soldier, went forward unresisting.

Just this, just that, Katie had said, and, though Sarah added little to the scale of her hospitality, it was after midday by the time she left the kitchen and got into her car to go into Maple Street to pick up the fruit and the cream that she had ordered.

There was one more thing she had meant to do, but she had finished her shopping and driven half way back along Maple Street before she remembered the other errand, the errand which should have been the first to be thought of. She slowed down and drew level into the kerb to turn, and as she did so she came level with Norm Kerrigan.

He saw her and, with surprising initiative for him, stepped toward the car.

His long, pale face loomed close to the window. "Hullo, Sarah."

"Hullo, Norm."

"What's doing in your world?"

"Nothing fresh, really," she

COME SEE ME DIE

answered, and thought how loquacious he had become. Perhaps it was the legacy making him human and able to forget that shrewish wife of his.

Again he volunteered a remark: "I'm just going into the pub for a beer."

"Are you? Very nice, too. I'm just going back to Parkes'. I forgot to ask him to send the locksmith up this afternoon to put the new lock on my front door."

He looked vaguely up the street and back at her. "I'll

chickens and laid the table for dinner.

These jobs done, she went in next door to ask Hubert for some of his white phlox.

Hubert was out, and she stayed talking for a while with Katie and Debbie. As she was leaving he came in with rather unusual heartiness. The screen door banged noisily behind him and he crossed the hall and entered the sitting-room. He kissed Sarah on both cheeks as though he hadn't seen her for years, rumbled Debbie's

But he took his wife's advice, and Sarah got the scissors from Katie and went out and picked half a dozen heads of the perennial phlox that stood, snowy white, shielded from the late afternoon sun by the clump of glossy myrtles.

Debbie went back to Laurette with her to help, as she said, with the before-dinner eats. They spent another hour in the kitchen, fiddling and finicking and tasting and chatting, and finally clearing up and signing off with a sizeable grin and fume.

They drank it standing by the table in the kitchen, now restored to order, but an order



"Now read that back . . ."

do that for you, if you like. I'll be passing there in a few minutes."

"Oh, thank you, Norm, would you? It'll save me going back. Ask him to be sure and send him this afternoon if he possibly can."

"I will." He lifted a limp hand and turned in at the door of The Rose and Shamrock.

THE Rose and Shamrock figured a second time in the conversation during the day.

Sarah was busy again in the afternoon. In the silent house which seemed so ill-tuned to a convivial gathering, she made ice-cream, topped strawberries, and stripped the meat from the

hair, and blew a kiss to Katie with an expansive smile on his weatherbeaten face.

Katie viewed him without reciprocal warmth. "You look hot, dear."

"Well, it is hot out; damn hot. I walked, you know."

"Clever of you."

"What? What d'you mean?"

"All the way from The Rose, eh?"

"Look here, Katie—"

"Look here, darling, you'd better run along and have a nice little nap."

"What rot! I only had a couple with some chaps I knew, and we got talking and I shouted another round and— But I can't say I feel any the worse for a few drinks after working like a Chinaman in the garden all the morning."

which would hardly have been with Theda Berry's standards. Theda Berry would have levelled a severe eye at the scatter of crumbs on the bench, the cupboard left open, the canisters set unceremoniously back on the shelf.

She would have levelled an even more severe eye at the two young women laughing over their drink with seemingly never a backward glance at her own violent and avenged death. The very dinner being given tonight was with the object of blighting her, and the memory of her, out of the house. She was nothing but a bit of debris left on a shore, and the tide was hurrying back to wash her away.

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Men can be so thoughtless!



Imagine how I felt. We were looking at my high school photo album when my husband said, "Was Peggy in your class? She always looked younger to me!"



Next day I asked Peggy what her secret was — how did she manage to look so much younger. "Easy," she said, "Palmolive soap facials can help almost any girl be younger looking."

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"LETTER TO MY DAUGHTER"

A father's frank reply to his teenage daughter's question on how to cope with unwelcome petting

● You have asked me a question, and it seems only right that I should try to answer that question. You are almost 17 now, and your question reminded me (if I needed any reminding) that in many respects you are already thinking as a woman — but as a woman unguided and unprotected by experience.

YOU have changed over the last year or two. It was, of course, inevitable that you should.

A couple of years ago boys meant nothing to you. They were good companions, good kids to play with at school, and that was all there was to it.

Then came the first date, and other dates, and we saw quite a few boys—none of whom we particularly disliked—following one another, over a period of months.

You went to picture shows and dances and had fun, but you were never out late.

As far as your mother and I knew there was nothing aimless about your going out, there were never, among your appointments, a few hours when you were alone and had nothing in particular to do.

I've always been a little afraid of boredom, and some of the ways we take to defeat it are not healthy.

Some of those boy-friends, some of those faces that passed in a night, passed, I know, simply because they were not for you.

Most young men, living through an urgent phase of life, find nearness to a girl an exciting experience.

Sometimes the excitement of that experience has been thought about and dreamed about long before the dream becomes reality.

Sometimes it is most irresistibly there—with its relentless driving-power—only when an evening draws to a close, when the party is over, the movie is finished, the last dance has been danced, and there are only the two of you.

Perhaps it is there somewhere along the way home, perhaps by a shadowed hedge or a tall, friendly tree, with the moonlight weaving its magic of soft light and shadow.

New world

Young men, knowing as yet little of the true state of manhood, are eager creatures. That is one thing that makes them attractive.

Like you, they are coming into a new world, they are learning to know exciting new sensations that, undisciplined, tend to blind them to better things.

I do not want you to think that these new sensations are wrong. They are part of the story of growing up.

It is when they are accepted only as new joys to be exploited as selfish pleasures that they are wrong.

Once we become selfish, the good things do not take very long to turn sour and leave only an ugly memory, where, in our foolishness, we once thought to find unending joy.

I seem to be taking a long time to answer your question. But your question grew out of circumstances similar to those of which I have been speaking . . .

I know how you looked forward to the school ball. You had spent long hours supervising the making of your dress, selecting your gloves and shoes, and planning your hairdo.

Undoubtedly the occasion was made the more exciting by the fact that you were going on a blind date.

Not just a foolish kind of blind date where you might finish up with some irresponsible Casanova or juvenile delinquent, about whom you knew nothing.

He was a good chap. You were fairly confident of that before you agreed to the

date. He was a good athlete, nicely spoken, nice looking.

He was, indeed, to all intents and purposes as you might say, "simply fabulous."

I wonder what he thought when, with the evening behind you, with the car pulled up in the shaded driveway, you asked if he would mind if you both got out.

Probably he thought, "This sounds all right. The car's a bit cramped, anyway."

I wonder, too, what he thought afterwards, when you told him very tactfully that you would prefer not to behave like that.

He must have been more than a little disturbed. He did tell you, quite candidly, that of all the girls he had been out with you were the first to resent those hands roving in the darkness.

He might even have been honest about that.

And now you have asked me this question: "If a girl, having enjoyed a man's company, his hospitality, for an evening, does not like being pawed in the darkness, what does she do about it?"

You believe that men who want excitement will not go where there is none.

If there is no promise for the future, surely they will fashion their future along other shaded lanes.

A kiss, an unspoken promise in the shadows, will seal so many bargains.

I am quite sure that your question has been worried about in the mind of a girl down through the centuries.

It is not an easy one to answer in a way that you will completely understand, but I know that there is only one real answer.

Let him go and other men like him go.

He may not be really bad. I do not want you to think that he is. His major fault is that he wants easy pleasure without responsibility.

If that affected him alone, it would not be so serious. But to have his pleasure he has to drag someone else into the shadows.

That is the evil part.

This playing with sex, getting as close to the flame as we can without getting burnt, is a strangely distorted story.

Probably there has never been a phase of human behaviour so twisted and lied about as sex.

So many films and smart, sophisticated novels want us to believe that sex made

into a common plaything is a wonderful experience.

They represent it as the one true symbol of love, the one ultimate bond between man and woman.

I am not narrow-minded about these things. But I do know that the word "love" has taken a terrible hiding over recent years when sex—the crude, ugly state of sex, camouflaged, glamorised beyond recognition—sells at such a premium, in print or on a screen or in a nightclub.

The one thing that is so often forgotten by older people — quite often undiscovered for a long time by the young — is that this same force that can be so evil can also be one of the highest and cleanest pleasures.

But that will only come through a certain measure of discipline, a facing of reality, the knowledge and the belief that God's blessings are there to be enjoyed in good time, not to be abused as playthings.

Bright promise

There is a correct time for the enjoyment of all things that God has placed on the face of the earth.

Those who rush in to seek early excitements that were not intended for them often live to regret their haste.

Those who are patient—who find from their patience a seeking after higher ideals, a more real appreciation of the truly good things of life—have always the bright promise of the future.

Some day, I do not doubt, you will really fall in love.

He—if he is truly your choice—will be someone genuine, someone with a serious turn of mind, yet someone, I believe, with the gift of laughter, because laughter, as a symbol of happiness, has always been so much a part of your life.

I know that on that day, when you know that you love him more than you have loved any other man, you will go to him with a sense of freedom, and with gladness in your heart from the knowledge that over these years you have lived as you have known it right to live.

You are not missing anything by being patient, unless you are missing the bitterness, the never completely satisfied longing for new pleasures, the sense of cheapness that goes with the easy trading of your charms for "good" times.

Finally, having said so much in answer to your question, I wonder if you will mind if I say this much more.

Your mother and I have been married for more than 20 years.

By DONALD JAMES



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 22, 1964

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HAZEL . .

by Ted Key



"What we call a Granny knot . . ."

Hazel can be seen on Launceston's Channel 9 at 7 p.m., Thursdays.

Continued from page 54

The telephone rang and Sarah went through and answered it.

It was William. As soon as she heard his voice it flashed to her that he had found that he could come to dinner and was going to ask if he might.

But that wasn't what he was ringing about. Instead he said: "Sarah—I've just remembered—I've got that necklace of yours."

"My necklace?" she said, her mind groping. The only necklace she could recall at that moment was the gold one that had been spirited back so strangely into the desk drawer.

"Yes, I was in Sydney a few days ago and I called in and picked it up. I should've given it to you

the night before last when you dropped in to see me."

"Oh, that? But — but you didn't take it," she said stupidly. "You forgot it, it was lying on the table after you'd gone."

It all came back to her now. It had been a night about three weeks ago—the last night before the frost had set in! He had come here to dinner with her shortly after the parents had sailed on their cruise. Just the two of them here together, with Theda Berry at her culinary best.

After dinner, in the drawing-room, while she was pouring coffee, the necklace, a fine short chain with a pearl and a topaz at intervals, had fallen forward on to the

table, and she found that the clasp was broken. William had been flying to Sydney next day and she had asked him to leave it at the jewellers to have it mended, but after he had left that night she found the forgotten necklace still on the coffee table.

"Yes, I did take it," he said, "rang next morning to say I'd been in and get it, but you'd already gone out somewhere."

"Did you? Did you? I didn't know."

"Didn't you miss it? Have you got so many precious jewels that one more or less makes no difference?"

"Don't be silly. If I thought of it at all, which I suppose I didn't, I must have taken it. I'm granted that Mrs. Berry had taken it up and put it in my drawer. You never had to wonder about your possessions when she was here. They were always in their right places."

"Not this time," he murmured.

"What?"

"Well, anyhow, here it is and I'll give it to you as soon as I see you. And by the way, thank you so much for asking me to-night. Katie gave me your message. I'm so sorry I can't come along."

"I'm sorry, too," she said stiffly. "But such very short notice . . ."

She still held the receiver to her ear, as though something more were expected of one of them, but none of those small easy words would come to her lips, nothing natural or real. His voice, so casual, impersonal at the other end, made her feel that she was standing on a wharf, waving someone goodbye, watching the known face blur in the distance, hearing the voice fade on the wind.

WHEN she left the telephone she went out into the hall and stood for a moment absently rearranging the heads of phlox in the Meissen vase.

As she stood here, three words in the empty little telephone tap all about a necklace that neither cared a snap for, suddenly lit a burning curiosity in her mind.

"Not this time," he had said.

What had he meant by that? Not only the words puzzled her; there had been a sort of undercurrent in his dropped voice and in his evasion of her question. She couldn't be wrong. She knew him well enough — stranger though he was to her now — to be alive to his turn of speech and changes of tone.

In her longing to fathom the oddness of this one, she found that the evening ahead, her seven guests and their dinner ceased to have the smallest importance for her.

What had he meant? She must find out. "Not this time." Was the time he was referring to connected with the mystery of Mrs. Berry's behaviour? Or was it — could it be — in some way bound up with the change in him toward herself? Anyhow, a direct question must drag something out of him.

Staring fixedly at the flowers as she touched and dabbed at them, she was searching round to find a means to satisfy her curiosity. The snowy heads of phlox looked back at her proudly, giving no help, and needing none from her interfering fingers.

Leaving them, she hurried back to the kitchen where Debbie was putting away the last few things.

"William's got my necklace," she said. "The one I meant to wear tonight, as a matter of fact."

"What's he doing with it?"

"He took it to have the clasp mended and forgot to give it to me."

"What a pest, wear something else."

"No, I think I'll drop round to his flat and get it. I won't be more than ten minutes."

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It's whisper-quiet! Lets you hear loud and clear, whether it's the radio, TV or a phone conversation.



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Comes complete with a carrying case that's so smart it's a real fashion accessory. Does double duty as an overnight case.



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No need to remove the bonnet to check how your hair is drying. This exclusive G.E. feature lets you reach in, saves time and fuss.

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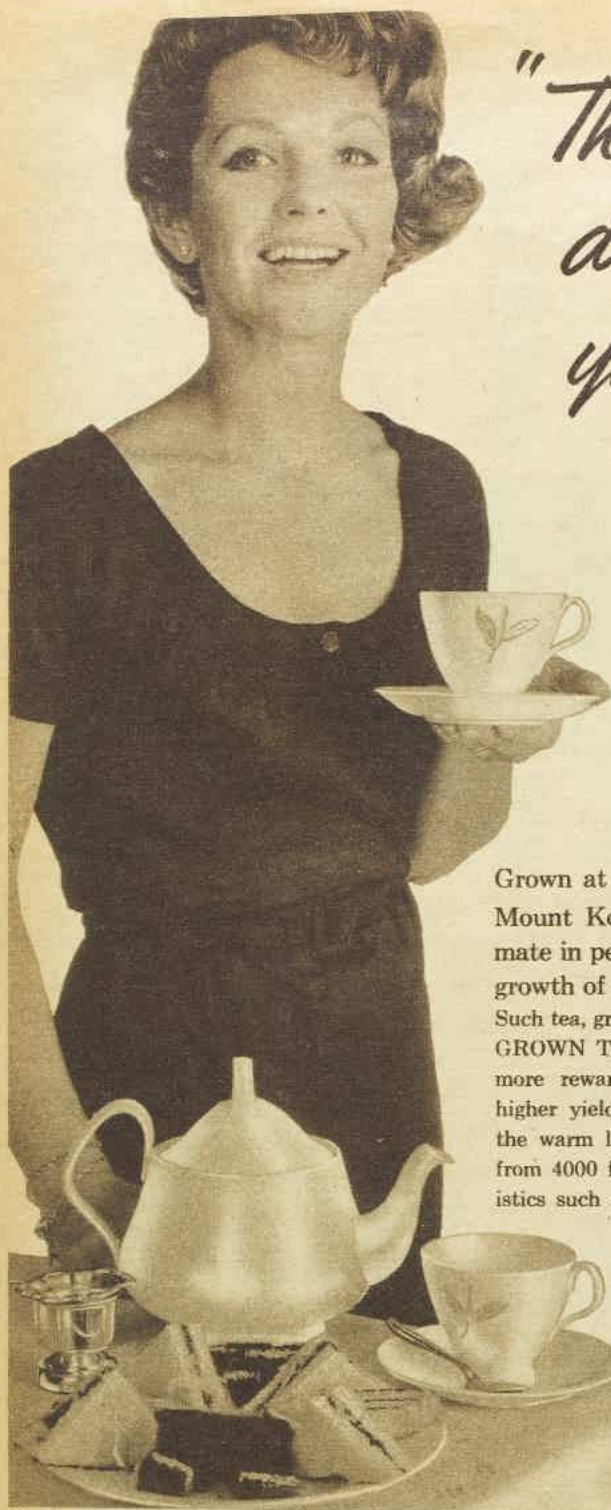
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"There is a difference you know!"

QUALITY CEYLON TEA IS MOUNTAIN GROWN

Grown at heights equalling the upper slopes of Mount Kosciusko, Ceylon tea reaches its ultimate in perfection. The crisp night air slows the growth of the bush, locks the flavour in the leaf. Such tea, grown at 7000 to 4000 feet is known as HIGH-GROWN TEA, and world buyers seek it because it is more rewarding in flavour than faster-growing and higher yielding bushes in the more forcing climate of the warm lowlands. MEDIUM-GROWN TEA (grown from 4000 feet down to 2000) has desirable characteristics such as good colour.

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BOLIN'S COLOMBO BLEND				S.A.			
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DAVID JONES' ST. JAMES SPECIAL and SPECIAL BLEND CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.		QLD.	S.A.			
D. & J. FOWLER'S LION BRAND				S.A.	W.A.		
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HOY'S PURE CEYLON TEA	N.S.W.						
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COME SEE ME DIE

Continued from page 56

They left the house together; and after the front door had been pulled shut behind them Larchwood relapsed into its customary silence. The shadows were starting to creep across the lawns, and a breeze like a whispered message, a premonition of danger, came up from the river and set the hot flowers and the trees and shrubs faintly trembling.

It was shortly before half past six when Sarah got into her car. She drove to the flats and rang William's bell but there was no answer, and she turned away and walked slowly down the steps, disappointed not to find him there, and yet in some wavering way half-relieved.

That settled that, anyhow. Wherever he'd gone she couldn't follow him - at least, now she remembered that very often on a Friday evening he went out to Two Creeks and had dinner with his father; sometimes, even, if he wasn't busy on the Saturday, he spent the weekend there.

On the bottom step she stood. She looked at her watch, she looked up the street. What was to prevent her running out there and back by seven-thirty? Nothing. Nothing in the world. She was stuck with this notion of asking what he had meant on the telephone, and she wasn't going to be put off by having to drive a few more miles.

Which reason to give for following him there, her necklace or her question, oscillated in her mind dizzily, and leaving them balancing she got back into the car and drove around to the post office and rang up Debbie.

When she told her of her intention, Debbie said: "That's all right, go ahead, I'll hold the fort," and Sarah left the box, reflecting that that was one of Debbie's more endearing qualities: she always went with you. If you woke her up to tell her that you were going shark hunting at midnight she would say: "Fine. Why not? I'll come too."

Debbie, in her amiable fashion, usually seemed to have little wish to probe into other people's private affairs. Her own gave full scope for thought: her engagement, her coming marriage, her determination to woo Conrad's mother and earn her liking.

This evening, however, when she had finished speaking to Sarah, she sat on in the chair by the telephone, one hand still resting on the receiver, which she had put down, the other holding her wrap around her. She had just come out of the bath when Katie called her to the telephone. In a minute she lifted the receiver again and rang Conrad.

As usual it was she who did the talking, after his initial endearments on hearing her voice.

"Yes, I know, darling," she said, "but that's a whole hour. Dinner's at any time after half past seven. I told you, didn't I? I haven't come changed yet. I've been in helping Sarah. . . . No, nothing exactly special. Yes, everything's fine here. We've made you some most delectable oyster patties. . . . Well - in a way - perhaps there is something. Actually it's about Sarah. . . . No, it's a matter of fact, Mum doesn't think she is all right. Oh, just nerves, I suppose, because of this awful affair. But we're all going through that, aren't we?"

"Well, I was wondering if you had any idea what happened to come between her and William. That's really what I wanted to talk to you about. . . . Oh, but of course, you can see that a mile off. . . . Yes, they were there. At first they were madly keen on each other, but this morning she didn't even want to ask him for tonight and he conveniently couldn't come, yet this evening she's gone chasing out to Two Creeks after him on some transparent excuse or other. She just rang from the post office to say so. . . ."

"Well, I thought you might've gathered some notion of what's wrong from him. . . . No, stupid, I didn't mean he'd told you! I just thought that as you and he were such friends you might've used your dear little head to notice and observe and put two and two together. . . . You haven't. . . . I'm disappointed in you, then. . . . Oh no, I don't say we could do anything about it even if we did know, but she and I are such very old pals that. . . . No, all right, I won't. You know me well enough to know that I don't worry about anything for long! . . . All right, goodbye for now, I'll see you at seven-thirty."

Debbie left the telephone and went along to her mother's bedroom.

Katie was standing at her wardrobe taking out the dress that she was going to wear tonight, a far from new but originally expensive dinner frock. When she wore it, with some extra attention to hair and make-up, she was often complimented on looking as young as her daughter.

Glancing over her shoulder, she paused to listen to what Sarah was doing in the house before dinner.

When Debbie ended, Katie put the dress over a chair and said that she supposed it was just another example of poor Sarah's unsettled, restless state, speeding about

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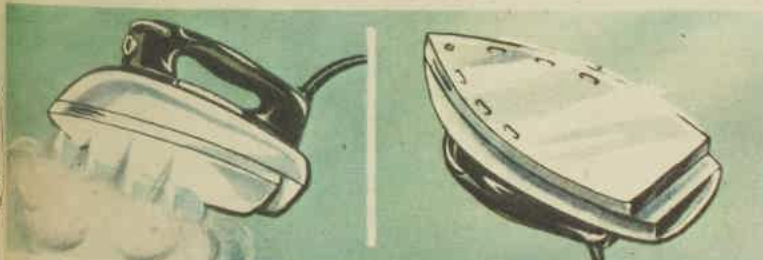


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the hot roads when she should be resting. However

"However" always meant, to those who knew Katie, that she disapproved, had not been consulted, and expected only bad results in consequence.

Debbie went out and shut the door after her.

Hubert, ruffled and blinking, came in from his dressing-room.

Katie made a last pass with the brush through her grey and auburn hair and spoke to his reflection in the glass: "Oh, you're awake?"

He yawned hugely, asking through it: "What were you and Debbie saying?"

"Sarah just rang from the post office. She's going out to Two Creeks before dinner, believe it or not."

"Is she? Well, in that case I'll go along to the shed before I take a shower and sharpen those stakes for the tomatoes." At the door he stopped. "What the hell's she going to Two Creeks for at this hour?"

"I don't know — why should I? — but there's certainly no need to hurry. I've given up trying to arrange things."

"That's good, anyhow."

"What's good?"

"That you've given up trying to arrange things," he said, with a saving grin.

"Is that so?" Katie took up her lipstick and leant forward to the glass. "Let me tell you, my dear boy, the day I give up trying to arrange things you'll be in poor case."

When Sarah had come away from the post office after ringing Debbie she saw Laurette O'Hara, a bottle of milk in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other, crossing the road toward her.

"Hey, you haven't got your dinner there, have you? You haven't forgotten you're coming to me?" Sarah's jocular greeting hid her uneasy pre-occupation.

"No fear, this is breakfast. Paul and I are looking forward to tonight. Why aren't you at home basting the bird?"

"Me? I came in because I wanted to see William about something, but he's not in his flat."

"I know, he's at Two Creeks tonight. I met him this morning and he said he was sorry he couldn't come to you."

"Yes, I thought he might be at his father's. I'd have time to run out there before dinner, wouldn't I?"

"Oh, plenty, darling, it's only a little after half past six."

"Good, I'll go."

"So long then, I won't keep you." With a wave of her french loaf, Laurette went on up the street.

The flat above the library was divided like a doll's house into four small rooms, a kitchen, a living-room, a bedroom and Paul's den. It was in this last that Laurette, running up the short flight of stairs, found him on her return. The sound of his typewriter met her.

He continued to type as she came in, the frown of concentration on his forehead deepening.

Laurette made a pretence of not noticing his haughty silence. "Still working?" she said, and then: "Don't stick at it too closely, darling. You'll wear yourself out."

Too sweet, far too sweet, for a good conscience her tone sounded!

Paul's lifted eyes underlined this fact. His drained, dry face above the paper-strewn, ash-strewn table conceded nothing.

Bravely she plunged on: "I met Sarah outside the post office. Such energy! She was hurrying out to Two Creeks to see William about something. There and back before half past seven. I like her chance!"

Still silence, still the cold stare.

Conquered at last, Laurette went across and put a hand on his shoulder. "Paul — darling — this is just too mad! You must admit it. Keeping up this feud all over a tuppenny-ha-penny bracelet! A little return for hospitality!"

"The trouble is," he drawled, "I'm so much in the dark. I don't know this fellow Lovat's values."

"What do you mean?"

"Whether a silver bracelet equals a few cups of coffee or a stolen kiss behind the door. Or an even stronger brew here upstairs some afternoon when I was in Sydney."

"Oh, Paul!" Moist of eye and flushed of face, Laurette subsided on to the window-seat.

"Is he to be a fellow-guest tonight?" Paul inquired.

"I — well, Katie did say something about asking him when she passed on Sarah's message."

"She did. Oh, I see. Then you can make my excuses."

"What?"

"You can count me out."

"But you can't do that."

"Can't I?"

"No, it's impossible, it's uncivilised. A dinner engagement isn't like anything else. You can't back out at the last minute and upset people's arrangements."

"I'm sorry, Laurette, but

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

- MEN -

I bought a pound of Special Cut;
I delicately made
With bayleaf, basil, thyme, and wine —
A haunting marinade.
I steeped the slivers gently in,
I gave a final touch
Of bouquet garni, garlic clove,
And sesame, and such.
I tucked in mushrooms, frilled in leeks,
Then thought it only right
To serve it as it should be served —
By candlelight.
But when triumphantly I rang
The bell, and when he came,
He said: (One) "Is the power off?"
And: (Two) "What, stew again?"

- FAITH BREFFNY

I'm afraid you'll find I can tell Sarah what you please, that I've got flu — the plague — morbus. I'm sure you won't be at a loss to invent something."

"But, Paul —"

"I am not coming."

She was silent.

He got up. "And now, this little interlude spoils the end of my work for a moment, I might as well cool off. I'll get myself something to eat when I feel it."

At about this time Kerrigan's wife opened the door of their front bedroom and spoke to her husband a voice of shrill warning: "You're not ready yet."

In the poky room, with hot end-of-day slates, Norm, in undergarments, was standing at the window looking out through a turned slat of the blind. Sarah's car passing on the road to Two Creeks. There apparently innocently gazed, Norm, at his wife's voice, turned as quickly as Peeping Tom caught in the act.

"What?" he said. "No, not quite ready."

"You'll be late."

"Sorry, May, I didn't know what the time was."

"Well, that settles it! I go on ahead. I'm not going to keep Mum waiting. It upsets her. And if it's a bit of a headache, anyone

"I'm sorry," he said again. "Matter of fact, you'd better not wait dinner for me. I have something here and come round after. I've got a bit of a headache, anyone

To page 61

£1
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The Ceylon Trade Commission will issue you with a special Tourist Introduction Card enabling you to save on travel, accommodation, etc., while in Ceylon. A holiday in this tropical paradise with its 2,000-year-old cities, Kandyan dancers and coral gardens need cost little more than a holiday in Australia. Full details from your Travel Agent or the CEYLON TRADE COMMISSION, 66 Pitt Street, Sydney.



CHILD OFF HIS FOOD?

Try this for overnight recovery

10-year-old Tony S. had lost his appetite. "He just picked up his food," said his mother. Tony's Auntie suggested that frequent constipation might be the problem, and Tony was given chocolate Laxettes at bedtime. Next day, his appetite was back. His constipation was relieved. Laxettes are the safest, surest children's laxative. They work gently while the child sleeps. Easy to take — no taste but the chocolate! Only 3d. the air-sealed pack. Nature forgets, remember Laxettes.

Something lovely for Mother?

pure Irish Linen

Look for these brands: They're **pure Irish Linen**

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- (2) LUNCH SET BY 'FRAGONARD'
- (3) TEA TOWELS BY 'LAMONT'
- (4) HANDKERCHIEFS BY 'MAID OF ERIN'

Many have tried. But only the Irish can make it:

a fabric as lovely, and as long-lasting as pure Irish Linen. This Mother's Day see it in gifts big and small, new and exciting. In lavish, lace-edged handkerchiefs . . . crisp sheets, embroidered guest towels . . . pretty place mats, tablecloths, teatowels. Don't settle for second best. Give her

pure Irish Linen

it's lovely — it lasts

Leaving the room she looked him up and down. "Yes, I think that might be better!" she agreed, and went out and walked down the path and shut the gate with a hostile click.

When Sarah had waved Laurette goodbye, she had got into her car and driven off, but no sooner had she left Maple Street behind, left Hubert's row of cottages, left Mrs. Cornibus' scarlet geraniums clutched at the last rays of the sinking sun than her two selves began to do battle with each other once more.

The open country stretched away on either side, ochre and gold and mellow in the evening light. Low down, one bank of cloud lay fleetingly pink in the turquoise sky. The deep quiet, the coolness, the light-filled sky were all at this hour at their perfect best.

Sarah was hardly aware of it all: her foot on the accelerator was uncertain. One moment she speeded, the next she trundled along laggingly. When she arrived, Henry Huxtable would hail her with open arms and a drink, and want to take her round the stables to show her a new filly or a colt he would be racing next year. She could hardly rush in and out demanding to see only William on the score of being in a hurry, of wanting some trifling bit of jewellery to wear at a simple little dinner in her own home with half a dozen people she was seeing every day.

And William himself? She pictured his cool, somewhat surprised greeting of her, and herself plainly showing her awareness of behaving like a gauche schoolgirl. He would

Continued from page 60

see right through her asking to have his enigmatic words on the telephone explained. He would see that her visit was saying, even if you are trying to get rid of me and never want to set eyes on me again, I still love you, and I've got to follow you up on any pretext, if it's only to wring from you your polite and suffering patience.

The car came to a stop.

COME SEE ME DIE

come home and let them in.

As Sarah opened the front door of Larchwood the clock in her father's study was striking seven. Its friendly chime greeted her and like a welcoming voice had the effect of raising her spirits and making her feel as she shut the door behind her that there were, after all, compensations in well-known possessions and well-known people.

nation, she went downstairs. It was dusk now, and she put on all the lights. Then she went out to the garden and set the sprinkler playing on a row of drooping fuchsias.

As she crossed the verandah to re-enter the house, the study clock chimed again, the quarter hour this time, a quarter past seven. At the same moment the creak of the gate made her turn, and she

room, which was looking itself once more with flowers and the table at the far end spread with drinks and canapés.

"You shouldn't have bothered, William, I thought you were out at your father's tonight?"

"I meant to go, but I worked late at the office and rang and put it off."

She nodded. "I see," suppressing the fact that she herself had been half-way there within the last hour. That heated scurry over the hot road, filled with all those mixed emotions, was like a bad dream. Now, at sight of him here in the room, sweet order seemed to have been restored to the world.

Almost nervous of the moment's rightness, she crossed to the table, but turned and came back. A whisky, a cocktail — to suggest either might send him hurrying away again, or even to ask him to sit down, or say now you're here you'll stop for dinner, won't you? No, try to seem as indifferent as he was, she enjoined herself.

As though impelled, however, by the same demon that each time she met him drove her on to shatter such little friendliness as there might be between them, she heard herself saying: "I'm glad you came, I wanted to see you, I wanted to ask you about something you said this evening on the telephone."

His face stiffened. "Yes? What was that?" Watchful he stood looking straight back at her with a give-away nothing expression.

"You said," she hurried on, "we were talking about the morning you came in and picked up the necklace, and I spoke about Mrs. Berry and how she always put things away in their right place, and you said, 'Not this time.'"

To page 62

SURGICAL STOCKINGS worn UNSEEN

Varicose veins cause much discomfort. Positive relief can be obtained with a correct surgical stocking. Today, the Scholl company offers surgically-correct stockings that you can wear without embarrassment.

Lighter and finer than earlier stockings of this type, seamless, no hems or ridges. No one knows you're wearing them. They make your legs more attractive because they hide unsightly veins. Exclusive Scholl soft-grip top and instep eliminate constriction, give complete comfort.

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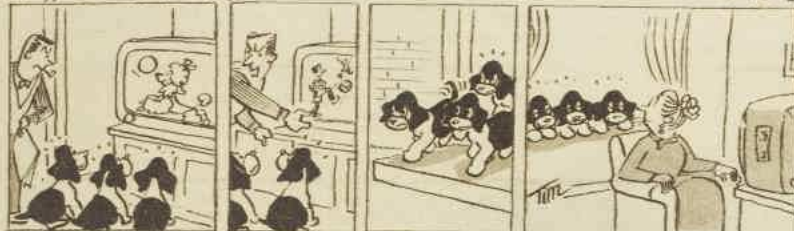
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T10

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



Impossible to go on. Impossible and profitless.

She sat on in the car, staring up the long straight road that she knew she couldn't travel now. Overhead a great gum spread its sheltering boughs, a small creek just beyond fell languidly over the stones, a small brown bird dropped a few bell-like notes.

Suddenly she started up the car again, and in one wide sweep turned and headed for home.

All else aside, it had flashed to her that Debbie had no key. If she went on to Two Creeks and was delayed, as she so easily might be, it would be difficult to explain her behaviour to the seven dinner guests waiting on the doorstep for their hostess to

She went to the kitchen and got the things out of the refrigerator and took them to the drawing-room: ran upstairs, changed, and went into the little sitting-room and opening the desk drawer took out the regained necklace and put it on, clasped round her neck the yellow twined cords of gold caught at the base of the throat by the two gold tassels.

She had never worn it before, and, taking a last look at herself in the glass, realised its decorative value and felt a pang, quickly shut down on, that the only person whose admiration she cared for would not be there tonight to see her.

However, resolutely maintaining her almost lofty resig-

saw William coming up the flag-stoned path.

He said, as he stepped on to the verandah beside her: "By gosh, your gate gives a fearfully protesting squeak when I come in."

"It gives just as protesting a squeak when you go out," she assured him. Her heart was thumping wildly at sight of him, but her voice was as light as his own.

He said as they went inside: "You've got the old necklace on, I see. I heard of its mysterious return from Katie this morning. But I've brought you back the other. It suddenly struck me that you might want to wear it tonight." He handed her the jeweller's envelope and followed her into the drawing-

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TRUDY



COME SEE ME DIE

Continued from page 61

"Did I?"
"Yes, you did. And I've been wondering ever since what you meant."

"What I meant? Oh—I don't suppose I meant anything very special." He held out cigarettes, and lighted one for himself at the shake of her head.

Her sense of injury began to rise. She thought, You won't escape this time in a smoke haze!

A note of heat was in her voice as she pressed on: "But that's ridiculous, you must've meant something. It's not the kind of thing anyone would say without meaning. It's so pointless. What did you mean?"

"I don't remember." He held his head firmly, his expression unyielding than ever.

Her hand was trembling, turned and twisted the gold chain at her neck. "I simply don't remember."

"Don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"I see. Too bad. Perhaps you haven't realised that there are times when if someone says they don't remember it must be accepted as meaning that they don't want to discuss the point in question."

"So that's it! So that's it! You got something against me, did you? You turned me into a zombie, you're with me, but you refuse to discuss it, I'm not to be told it is."

"That's right. Let's talk of something else, of that appetizing caviar over there and how some of your mother's room looks all these festive lights on."

"Oh, how unfair, how dishonest! I insist on being told."

They were standing in the middle of the room, like two antagonists in an arena, tense and embittered.

"Please don't go on, Sarah. Stop go on nagging and nagging. I'm going to force me to recall something that's too—too petty and unpleasant to talk about."

Ah, at last! She brightened. At last a "secret" had been admitted by him. It was a real fact to take hold of. She wasn't still trying to put her with those earlier trumpery, no, not a bit. You imagine, I don't know what you're talking about."

SHE grasped a admission like someone diving a slippery fish that was disappearing back into the water.

"It can't be so very petty," she said, and tried to bring to her a quiet reasonableness. "How unpleasant it may be if you stored it up against me for years. If it's my fault, something I've done, I think it'd be only fair to human of you."

"Why," he implored, "must you turn every meeting into one of these disputatious sessions? I tell you, I don't want to discuss it. I don't want to charge you with anything. I don't want—" he crossed to the window and with unnecessary force threw out his cigarette. "—you cornered."

"Oh!" she gasped. "Cornered? How? What by?"

"Stop! Stop!" He came back and faced her again from precisely the same square of carpet. "I don't know which I'd find the more painful, to hear you flounder in embarrassment or solemnly confirm it."

She was speechless now. Deafened and bewildered, she just stared back at him. As the struggle raged between them, she saw the last relief that came over his face, suddenly she felt almost sorry for him than for herself.

She said: "I'm sorry, William. I won't worry you about it any more. Let be. And whatever it was I did to hurt you—even if I'm sorry to know what it was—I'm sorry about that, too."

He looked at her, long and wonderingly.

Thankfully, at that instant, Sarah heard steps on the verandah, and then outside the screen door Laurette's voice.

Laurette, but no Paul. Paul seemed to be getting one of his frightful colds, she announced. He sent all sorts of messages, but she thought it would be most unsocial to come and spread it among them. He was really working too hard, in the library all day long on his novel half the night. He was wonder he was run-down. He was so frightfully disappointed.

Almost before Sarah had finished adding her frightfully disappointed to Paul's, Katie and Hubert arrived, followed immediately by Debbie and Conrad.

So, in the drawing-room, on a note of resolute cheer, Sarah conceived, ill-fated party began. Without, as yet, the presence of Roly Lovat.

(To be concluded)



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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

THEY'RE wondering, probably, whether things wouldn't be improved by a return to the good old Victorian hash-'em-down-and-teach-'em-respect school of discipline.

If you're beginning to feel that way, do have a look at Dorothy Walter Baruch's book "New Ways in Discipline" before you make up your mind.

For every parent, one of the trickiest problems is to decide between too much discipline and too little, between forcing a child into obedience at the risk of destroying his individuality and indulging him to the point where he becomes a burden to himself and everyone else.

The latest thinking on the subject is that adults have failed to understand there are two parts to all bad behaviour—the feelings which cause it and the actions which result from it. Teachers and parents tend to deal with actions and ignore feelings.

Anger and resentment are a natural part of every human being's emotions. No one can miss the element of fierce anger in a small baby's crying when he's hungry and nobody comes to pick him up and feed him; no one will deny that a three-year-old will literally get hopping mad if he can't make things and people behave the way he wants; almost every adult can remember "bating" a parent or a brother or sister and then feeling the most uncomfortable pangs of guilt and remorse.

If you can accept the view that the "bate" was natural but that the guilt and remorse over it were unnatural and unnecessary, then you're halfway to understanding the idea behind these new ways in discipline which lets the child express his feelings and help channel the resulting actions into areas that are acceptable.

● In recent years, with increasing delinquency figures and vastly increased publicity for children's problems and all the problems created by children, lots of people have begun to wonder whether the so-called "new" methods of upbringing are at fault.

Suppose your four-year-old is having a whale of a time in the garden and you drag him in to put him to bed. If he shouts, "I hate you, Mummy, and I hope you die," you'll probably smack him, or "reason" with him on the lines that nobody likes naughty boys who say such wicked things.

Either way, your message will be that it's dangerous to give tongue to his natural aggressive feelings, and much wiser to bottle them up and keep them to himself.

"Sweet reason" brings a sour response

IF we're honest we have to admit that no matter how we prod or pry, a child is going to go right on feeling the way he feels," Dr. Baruch writes. "If we don't let him think his feelings aloud he'll think them under his breath.

"If we make him too ashamed to think them consciously, then he'll feel them in his unconscious, where he is unaware of them and so can do nothing about them... when we fail to help a child release his feelings, when we handle him so that he denies them and pushes them into his unconscious mind, they move out of his control...

"... Self-control lies in the other direc-

tion. It lies in keeping the 'bad' feelings in the open until they work themselves out. It lies in helping children learn to direct their feelings into unharmed and harmless channels.

"Learning to channelise is learning to control. For then they steer their feelings. Then they do control their emotions. By directing the type of expression; not by denying that it exists."

To go back to your four-year-old: If, instead of clipping him over the ear or threatening him with withdrawal of your love, you can accept his feelings as reasonable and say, "You're cross with me because I make you go to bed," you'll probably get a bonus issue—he'll also tell you that you stop him doing everything he wants to, give him horrible food to eat, pay the baby more attention than him, etc.

If you can accept these things as valid in the sense that they are his own, very real, very natural, very angry feelings, then you build his confidence in you as a person who can understand his feelings.

You also make it easier and easier for him, as time goes by, to express those feelings of anger and resentment, instead of acting them out by hacking you on the shins, or overturning the baby's pram, or bottling his feelings up until they burst out in some form of highly unacceptable action.

Taking this line of encouraging the expression of "bad" feelings by admitting that

they are natural, and that everyone (grown-ups, yourself included) has them is not easy, because, as Dr. Baruch says, "it's hard to look at feelings in a child that we've always looked away from in ourselves."

Even if you can get round that difficulty, you might well worry about whether allowing the child to bring out his "mean" feelings won't fix them so that he gets into the habit of being mean.

The theory is (and it looks sound to me) that encouraging him to express these "mean" feelings gives him a habit of honesty and truthfulness and helps him to handle them without actual hurt or harm; whereas if we punish him into suppressing them he covers up and goes right on feeling the same hates and angers, and they show themselves in mighty uncomfortable ways later on in his life—in violence, in intolerance, in loneliness and withdrawal from society, or in various illnesses.

It isn't possible to do justice to Dr. Baruch's "New Ways in Discipline" by taking these sketchy bits and pieces from it, but it's well worth the attention of anyone who has children, handles children—or once was a child! It is published by McGraw-Hill, of New York, and is probably on the shelves of your local library.

I started off, with the idea of referring to a reader's comments on the sort of teenager who will call her mother "a mean pig." I haven't left myself much room for that—but it's all part of the same thing, surely. Frustration is a necessary part of growing up, and hostility is the most normal and healthy response to it.

Every teenage girl must feel at times that her mother is a mean pig, and if the feeling's there it's certainly better expressed than bottled up.

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LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

somehow couldn't face each other in silence.

Cows and horses could, Oscar had seen them doing it all the way down the coast from Oslo to Kristiansand.

Oscar had admired the cows and horses. He had marvelled at the dignity of them standing face to face that way and just looking at one another and being at peace with the world. At peace with more than the world — at peace with everything. You name it, they were at peace with it.

Seeing them over and over, Oscar had said out loud, cruising along at 110 kilometres an hour, which is actually only around 66 miles an hour, "Someday I'm going to go out into a meadow and walk up to a horse and just stand there face

to face with him and keep my big mouth shut. If he can do it, I can do it."

And then he thought, Why not do it right now?

And so he drew up alongside a fine flowered meadow, cool green grass spotted all over with little patches of red, and yellow, and white, and he got out of his little red car.

And right there, just a little beyond the timber fence, stood one of the most majestic personalities of our time, possibly of all time, housed entirely, flawlessly, simply, nobly in the body of a grey horse.

Oscar loitered in the weather a moment, then walked to the fence, climbed over it and let himself down in the horse-side of the meadow.

Now, the thing about horses, Oscar thought, is probably that they really aren't any such thing. They are probably great men in that superior, improved form. They probably expect their inferiors to act like inferiors — like human beings, that is. Talk and all. Ho boy, and other talk like that. Well, I ain't talking. Not with my mouth, at any rate. I'm meeting this great personality on his own terms.

And so, placing his hands at his back, out of sight, and leaning forward about a foot, possibly two, Oscar moved to the horse, which had as a matter of fact watched Oscar in total peace, and for all anybody knew had understood Oscar's thinking about horses and people.

At any rate, the horse hadn't shied, turned away, and gone off. It hadn't changed at all.

And so Oscar met the horse — nose to nose, because that appeared to be the horse's preference, for when Oscar was within leaning distance the horse leaned forward, as Oscar himself was leaning, and their noses touched.

The man and the horse stood that way half a minute or more, breathing easily, and then each of them drew back easily and took up the classic stance of horses facing each other in total peace.

Well, it felt good to Oscar. He had never been a cowboy or anything fanciful like that, a fellow with a six-shooter, somebody bowlegged

in Texas or TV, but it felt good to be there. It felt good to be where. Oscar didn't say anything, and the horse didn't say anything. They were just good friends, that's all.

But soon, out of the corner of his eye, Oscar noticed that a number of people in a number of cars passing by on the highway were looking at him and the horse, and then, soon enough, a car slowed down, stopped, and a man and a woman and a boy and a girl piled out, apparently to watch.

Well, now, precisely what was there to watch? A man was leaning at a horse, and a horse was looking at a man, so what was so strange about that? Oscar couldn't turn away.

He gave the people a chance to have a good, long look, and then he thought, "Well, old friend, I got to move along now, but I think I can say that I shall never ever forget you, and I'll tell you so too. You've got character. There's truth in your eyes as much as in the Ten Commandments. I can't say you might say."

Oscar leaned forward again, and soon the horse leaned forward, too. Their noses touched, they looked together three times, and then Oscar backed away to the fence, climbed over, and set his feet down on the people-side of the meadow.

The watching, talking people were Americans. Oscar bowed in silence, as if he might be a lander, got into his car and drove off slowly, watching the people and the horse.

FROM THE BIBLE

● "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."
—Luke 16:1

The boy, about eleven or twelve, ran to the fence and began to climb it. The horse turned and watched him as long as Oscar was able to see.

And so he had moved along, at length had come, as he knew he would, to Kristiansand, a city he had never before visited, and in fact, had never before known existed.

He had driven eleven hours or more, it was evening now, the place seemed pleasant, so he drove around looking for a likely hotel — something third-rate if possible, because he had always found people at such hotels a little less nerve-racking about their importance in the overall scheme of things. He finally decided the Astoria would do.

He wouldn't be able to expect a bath, most likely, but he could certainly ask. Room with bath and shower both, it turned out. The room was spacious, with a high ceiling, and it was on the street. Now and then a travelling man had good luck that way. In Harbore only a couple of days ago he had been turned away by two small hotels and one big one because of a sausage-makers' convention, but finally a bellboy had made three telephone calls and had got him into a more or less nameless hotel hidden away somewhere, but the rate was high — six dollars an account of the convention.

And in other places the situation had been even worse. But this hotel bothered Oscar too much, because he was driving around precisely in order to find out about miscellaneous things.

The information he was gathering was useless, but information is information, and while there isn't much you can do with it, there's even less you can do without it.

Now, at the ticket box, chatting with the daughter of the oldest man in the world, Oscar was pretty much the same man who had touched noses with the horse in the meadow, although now the other party wasn't a horse and wasn't in a meadow. Far from it.

To page 66



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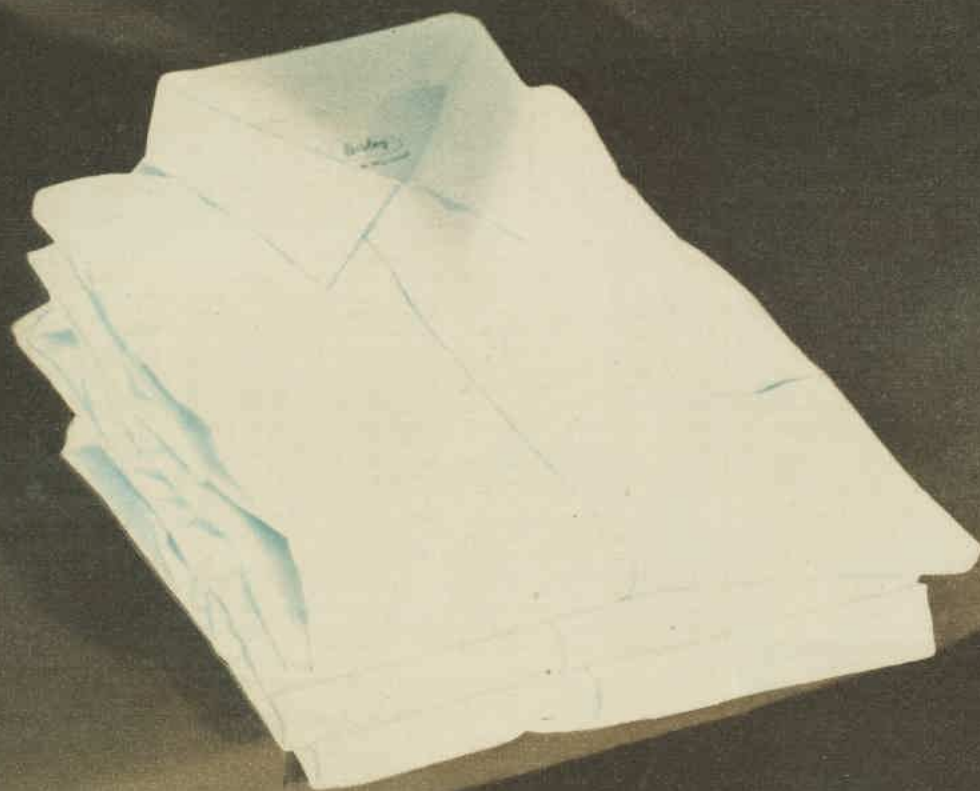
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Continued from page 64



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She was perhaps the second most beautiful girl in the world, and she was in a cage, and yet somehow she didn't seem captured or imprisoned. She probably only did it for experience or something.

"Oh, no," the girl said. "I believe my father was twenty when I was born."

"And your mother?"

"Eighteen."

"If I go into the movie now, when will I come out?"

"Whenever you like."

"Let me put it this way," Oscar said. "If I go in now, when do you go off duty, as we say in America?"

"The last show starts in ten minutes," the girl said, "and I'm finished for the night in about fifteen."

"Well, then, perhaps I'd better not see the movie. And we can go straight to dinner."

"Oh, no. I think you ought to see the movie."

"Why?"

"Well, you came here because you wanted to see a movie, didn't you?"

"To Kristiansand?"

"No, to this theatre."

"Well, yes, in a way," Oscar said. "That was the general idea all right, but I didn't know you would go off duty in fifteen minutes. After selling tickets all day, I can imagine you're pretty hungry when you go off duty, so why should you come on in and sit with me and watch the movie, too?"

"Because I haven't seen it yet."

"And you're not hungry?"

"Not especially. Are you?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I am, but I really don't know what to order in Norway. Last night, for instance, I had ptarmigan, because it seemed to me that if the people of Norway were fond of ptarmigan, I ought to know what they are fond of. But ptarmigan is a kind of little black piece of dry twisted chicken of some kind. Nothing like Norway at all. I need somebody to help me order."

"If you hurry," the girl said, "you'll be just in time for the cartoon."

Oscar paid his dime, or whatever it was, the girl gave him a ticket, he went in and sat in the last row. After his eyes had got adjusted to the dark, he noticed that there were eleven other people in the theatre. They were up closer.

The theatre itself was precisely the way he liked a theatre. The cartoon was American and quite funny, but nobody laughed, so Oscar didn't either. Three couples, a lone girl, and a lone boy, came in before the cartoon ended, and that was it.

The titles of the Russian movie came on, and the girl from the ticket cage came and sat beside him. She just sat there, and Oscar just sat in the adjoining seat.

They watched the whole movie. It was awfully good, although it was entirely in the Russian language. Even so, now and then, Oscar overheard somebody say "senor" to somebody, and he gathered that this tall Spaniard was just about as noble as they come, but not in a great big important, boring way.

He was a horse who hadn't yet made it. He did decent things for decent reasons, but what happened? He was laughed at, he was mocked, and a dozen prisoners in some kind of chain gang captured men he had pitied and had set free — these men stoned him, they nearly killed him. The whole movie was that way.

The gaunt old nobleman was considered a lunatic by every kind of unfortunate or

corrupt human being he met. He seemed to feel that they were in trouble and needed his help, and so of course he helped them, but it never failed, they only laughed at him.

He got sick, but that's all that came of it.

The movie ended, the lights came up a little, not too much, and the other people got up and slowly walked away, but not Oscar, and not the daughter of the oldest man in the world. They just sat there.

At last the girl blew her nose, and Oscar wasn't sure it wasn't because she was a kind of amateur angel or something. He certainly had never before heard so soulful a blowing of the nose.

"You're not crying, are you?" he said.

"No, not really," the girl said, but she dabbed a handkerchief at the corners of her eyes quickly and tried to eye-smile. She did in fact, but it was a new order of eye-smile entirely.

THEY got up, and Oscar said, "A nice Norwegian supper is in order now."

"Yes," the girl said. "I will show you the place."

When they went out into the street it was still daylight, even though it was almost ten at night, because that's how it is in Kristiansand in the month of May. It's even worse in June and July — or better, as you prefer. Somewhere along the line it's never really dark in Kristiansand for a month or two.

The girl led the way, four blocks in all, to a restaurant with an unforgettable Norwegian name that Oscar immediately forgot because of what happened immediately after they reached the place. The girl mouth-smiled, eye-laughed and extended her hand, which of course Oscar took, because what do you do when somebody extends her hand?

"Goodnight and thank you very much," she said.

"What do you mean?" Oscar said.

"I must go home now."

"Not at all," Oscar said. "You must order for me — and for yourself. That was the whole idea."

"Everything at this restaurant is awfully good, even the ptarmigan."

"Now, look here," Oscar said. "Did the movie depress you, or what?"

"No, the movie made me very happy," she answered.

"Then why go home? You can see for yourself that everybody in Kristiansand is out, having fun, talking and laughing. Why should you be the exception?"

"You are very wise and understanding. Perhaps you can guess."

"Me? Wise and understanding?" Oscar said. "I am stupid. I sometimes almost take pride in it. I have been married twice and divorced twice. Could anybody possibly be more stupid than that? Now, what is it? You must tell me, because if you don't I'll just never know, and somehow I've got to know."

"You'll only laugh at me," the girl said, "the way the people laughed at Don Quixote."

"No, I won't laugh."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, but after you tell me, you must promise to have supper with me."

"I can't have supper with you."

"No, please," Oscar said. "You're not misunderstanding me, are you? I mean, I don't know how things go in this part of the world, but I like you. I suppose I might even say I love you, but not to — not to impose my foolish self on you in any way."

"I catch the boat to Denmark tonight. I've already bought my ticket. I don't even need to know your name, and you don't need to know mine. So why can't you have dinner with me? Just sit quietly the way we did in the movie and eat — face to face this time, without a movie to see, just ourselves. Why?"

"Well, you've already said it for me, haven't you?"

"What have I said for you?"

"How it is — with you. Which is how it is with me, too, only I haven't been married twice and divorced twice, and so maybe I might not enjoy supper — or having you catch the boat to Denmark, and I don't want to impose my foolish self on you, either."

"You're not serious," Oscar said.

"I think you know I am."

"Well, I could come back," Oscar said quickly. "There's always such a thing as coming back."

"Goodnight," the girl said. "I'm so glad we've met. And so glad nobody knows anybody's name or anything."

Now, for the first time, she voice-laughed. It was like light, water in a brook, flowers in a meadow. And before Oscar could even begin to

understand what was happening, and while she was laughing, the girl leaned forward as Oscar had leaned forward, and Oscar leaned forward, and the girl put her lips to the side of his face, just a little beyond his mouth, almost even touching his cheek.

And then she turned and slowly walked away.

Slowly — that's the thing that Oscar couldn't understand, or couldn't forgive himself about.

But then he knew he was stupid and knew he sometimes almost took pride in it. He just stood there, waiting for her to turn around, but she never did. She didn't turn a corner, even. She walked straight down the long street and out of sight.

And Oscar just stood there.

If he ran after her, he went out to the house where he stayed in Kristiansand on other day, or a week, or a year, or the rest of his life, surely it would be a good thing in a way, a right thing, a true thing, but it would also turn out that someone or other they would decide to go a little further, and maybe all the way, and married — and she was too good for that, that's all.

Her voice would change, and the way she smiled and eye-laughed, and lived in Russian movies about Spanish noblemen and her nose — they would change.

Watching her walk free and true down the street, moving out of sight forever — Oscar just didn't want to be the witness of that terrible transformation again. And maybe even the cause of it.

When she was gone, he waited a little, as if he were waiting for a horse in a meadow, really knowing what he was waiting for any more. And then he turned away and went into the restaurant.

He took a corner table. When the waitress came up with the menu, he said, "I really don't know what I'd like. Can you suggest something?"

"Ptarmigan," she said and Oscar could tell that she spoke very little English.

"O.K.," Oscar said.

Well, it was black again and dry and twisted, but that didn't really matter at all. That was a dietary matter entirely.

What mattered was the lone, true, everlasting way the daughter of the oldest man in the world had walked down the street and out of sight.

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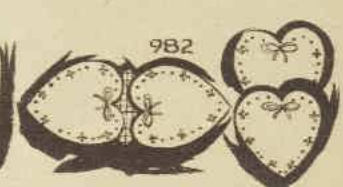
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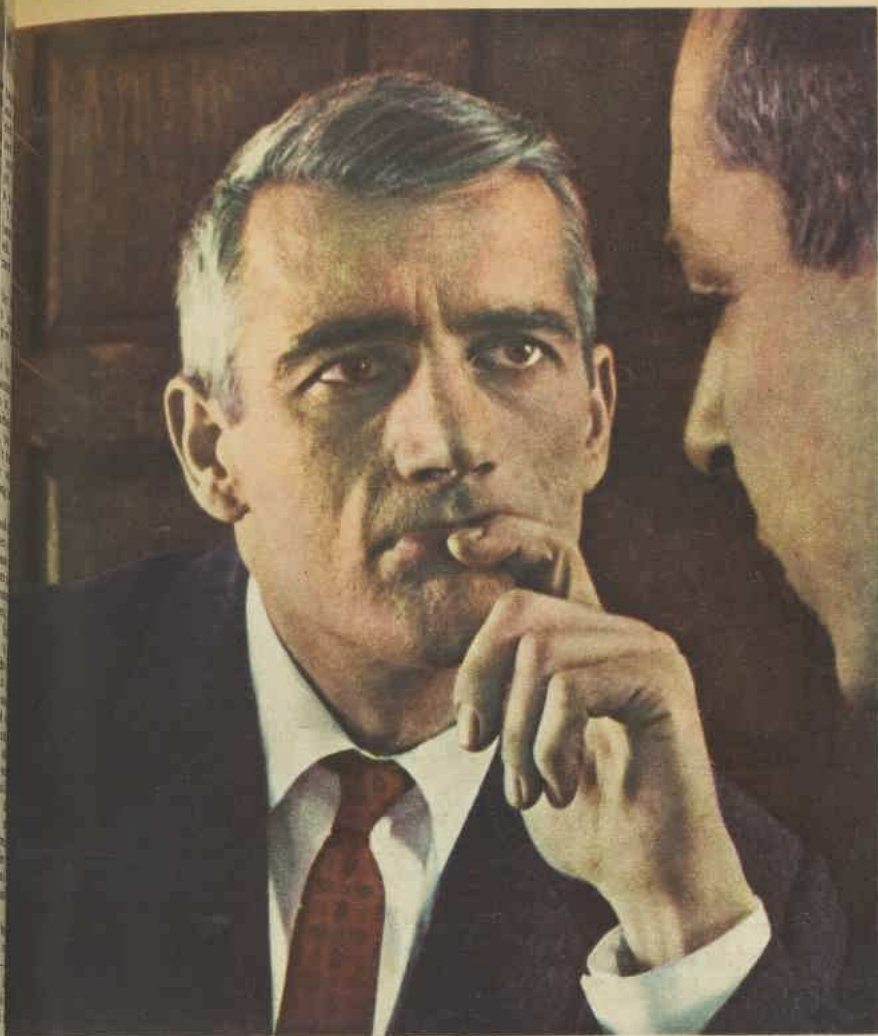
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"With that kind of dough," said papa, lighting one of his dollar cigars but not giving one to Joe, which was an insult, because he gives dollar cigars away all day long, driving my poor mother to distraction, "you can go into competition with General Motors. Or do you have some modest venture in mind? If you do, I am all ears."

"Why, Willie Chong is selling out his automatic laundry on Third Street. I can buy his equipment for peanuts," said Joe, "so I am going into the automatic-laundry business to support Carmen."

"If you think you can make a success of a laundry where a Chinese laundryman cannot," said papa, "lots of luck, my boy. You do it, and we will talk about your marrying Carmen."

CHAPTER 3. My room is next to Carmen's. So I got into bed with her, that night, and told her what I had heard. I will say here that my sister Carmen is the most beautiful thing that ever walked on land or sea. She has the coloring of our Spanish great-grandmother, Concha Luz Olivera, very white skin with very black hair and silver eyes, and Carmen is also plump and curvy and nice to get into bed with, though not on hot nights, of course, when the hot wind blows in from the desert.

"I told Joe it would do no good to talk to papa," said Carmen. "Papa wants me to marry that drip Daniel Peak, because Daniel has a nice safe job at the bank and may be a vice-president by 1985 if he lives that long."

"Never mind," I said, "Joe is going into the laundry business, and he will make a lot of money and everything will turn out all right."

Continued from page 21

"What does Joe know about a laundry, poor guy?" said Carmen. "He will do the washing by tying it on his surfboard and riding breakers with it, that is what he will do."

"Papa wished him lots of luck," I said. "I heard him. That is a good sign."

"Papa is a sarcastic beast," said Carmen. "He just wants Joe to fail, that is all. Oh, the fiend, the fiend."

And she was right, too. Daniel Peak came to dinner a few nights later, because papa is always bumping into him and saying, "You must come for dinner, Dan, my boy," and Daniel and papa did nothing but laugh about Joe's laundry.

"Do you know what that nut is doing?" asked Daniel. "He has got those washers he bought from Willie Chong set up in an old hut in the Mexican quarter. He thinks those Mexican women are going to pay him two bits to do their washing by machine."

PAPA laughed and laughed. "Why, those old dames over there still whack their petticoats on the rocks in the brook, to this day."

"You know what is going to happen?" said Daniel. By this time, over coffee, he and papa were laughing so hard they were practically crying. "If he gets a single Mexican to come near one of those machines, she will fill it with rocks from the arroyo."

"It will fly into a million pieces," said papa. "Oh, my, oh, my; my sides ache."

Carmen's skin is so white that you cannot tell when she gets pale, but I knew she was pale inside, because she picked up a riding crop and made little flicks with it, which she does when she is furious.

"I will now go to bed and read a good book," she said, "but I will leave this thought with you two. Casualidad, our own cook, and Zerolima, our own maid, are taking their own washing to Joe's 'Lavanderia Automatica,' and Joe is making money hand over fist."

"Carmen," said mother, "do not speak sharply to your father."

"In just about one more minute," said Carmen, "I will jab my father with a sharp stick; that is what I will do to my father."

CHAPTER 4. Not much more than one month after he went into the laundry business Joe rode up to our private road, between mother's oleanders, on a donkey. He was on the donkey partly because it was funny, and partly because he had sold his hot-rod to get capital. Joe dropped his reins, tuned his guitar, and sang a song by Elvis Presley, who I sincerely hope will be the next President of the U.S.

"If you are trying for a solid-gold record," said papa, "that will be one record I will do my best to break."

"Good evening, Mr. Fullerton, Mrs. Fullerton, Carmen, sis," said Joe. "I am not trying for a gold record or a gold anything; I am serenading my bride."

"Joe, you fool," said Carmen, "you should know by now that my paternal parent

has not one ounce of humor. He only laughs heartily when people are suffering."

"Let us hear a bit more about this bride," said papa.

"Some music lover, no doubt?"

"You said I could marry Carmen if I made a success of the laundry," said Joe. "I have made a success of it. I have my bank-book in my pocket, sir, if you care to see it."

"There are other things in the world," said papa, "besides money."

"And I am the boy who knows it," said Joe. "This success jive is your idea, not mine. But a deal is a deal, Mr. Fullerton."

"Not necessarily," said papa.

"I never thought I would live to see the day," said Carmen, "when my own father would turn out to be a well-sher."

"Carmen," said mother, "do not call your father names."

"The names you hear," said Carmen, "are nothing compared with the names I hold back."

"When I say 'not necessarily,'" said papa, "I am not welshing; I am merely amplifying. I did not mean you could marry Carmen if you made a few pennies, Joe; I meant you could marry her it and when you made yourself a solid, respectable member of the business community."

"You want something big," said Joe.

"Now you have the idea," said papa.

"Bigger than a laundry?"

"Bigger than a laundry."

"Big?"

"Big."

"O.K., this time I have wit-

nesses," said Joe. "Mrs. Fullerton, you hear him. Sis, you hear him. Carmen, you hear him. If I do something big, we get married."

"We can get married to-night, Joe," said Carmen. "Just wait while I get my convertible out of the garage. We can be across the border in Tijuana in one hour, where they will marry us in half a minute."

"Joe Harms is not going to take you to Tijuana," said papa. "He would not stoop to such a thing. Joe Harms is a gentleman."

"Since when? I thought I was a tramp," said Joe.

"A gentleman," said papa.

"Anyhow, we are making progress," mother said.

JOE added, "Forget the convertible, Carmen. Relax. It will only take me a couple of months to swing something big enough to suit him."

"You have superb confidence in yourself," said papa. "That makes two of us," said Joe, "counting Carmen."

CHAPTER 5. Daniel Peak kept on coming to our house for dinner.

"Do you know what that crazy guy has done?" he asked papa.

"No," said papa, "but I am all ears."

"Some people are all ears," said Carmen, "and some people are all mouth."

"He came into the bank," said Daniel, "and borrowed money on his laundry. And now I hear he has bought a hill with the money."

"A hill?" asked papa.

"So I hear."

"Oh, very humorous," said

papa. "I told him to do something big, so the smart guy buys a hill. What does that think he is doing, speculating that he will discover another?"

"If he is," said Daniel, "will lose his shirt."

"And serve him right," said papa.

After Daniel left, papa and Daniel would make a steady husband for any girl. This gave Carmen hysterics and mother had to put her clothes on her forehead.

CHAPTER 6. Then a rainy season stopped the spring came, and the bells on the eucalyptus turned into fuzz, and blossoms on the acacias turned into fuzz, so that it looked as if the acacias were of baby canaries.

And also the traffic between San Diego and Los Angeles had to be directed because Main Street and the Capistrano Avenue and the important streets in were getting new pavement.

First they dug up the pavement with machines right down into the sand, because it was bad. Then they put down gravel and rolled flat. Then they put down black goo and rolled that. It smoked and smelled wonderful.

"Thank heaven we live outside the city limits," said papa, "or I would be to the bone for this." He believes he pays more than anybody else in the city.

"Thank heaven we live outside the city limits," said Carmen, "or you would blame it all on Joe."

"What has Joe to do with paving the streets?" said papa.

"He is paving them," said Carmen.

To page 69

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MY BIG SISTER'S ROMANCE

Continued from page 68

"What are you talking about?" asked papa.

"He is paving them with hill," said Carmen.

"It is my cross to live in a household of three females," said papa, "but I might be able to endure it if only some of you would occasionally talk to me. Will you please try?"

"I guess your pals at the Chamber of Commerce have told you, because they say you have such a vile temper," said Carmen. "But I am taking gravel from his truck and trucking it for the paving contractors, and making a mint."

"I do not believe one word of it," said papa. "Tell that idiot to come out and talk to me."

"He is much too busy," said Carmen.

"That will be the day," said papa. "Pardon my hol-laughter."

"His day is a fourteen-hour day," said Carmen. "I have seen my darling for two weeks. And I blame it entirely on you."

"That is nothing new about this house either. I am even blamed because the pipes in your mother's bathroom are corroded," said papa. "I want to hear this from your mad lover's lips. Ask him out."

"I will call him on the phone and ask him if he can spare you a minute," said Carmen. "But only as a joke."

CHAPTER 7. So she called Joe, and a few nights later Joe came to the ranch with a perfectly huge red truck with Harris Sand and Gravel Co. painted on the side. He was so sunburned that even his hair seemed red. He had on a faded blue denim shirt with holes in it, and

jeans with holes in them, and dusty army shoes.

"Fun is fun, Harms," said papa, "but I am not a vindictive person. If I am responsible for this crazy new stunt of yours, I would like to save you from your folly if I can."

"What folly is this, sir?" asked Joe.

"What do you know about paving contracts?" said papa. "These contractors, the sharks, are tied in with the politicians. They will eat you alive."

"Why, no, sir," said Joe.

"The whole thing is simple. It was simple to figure the contractors would want to buy their gravel close by. It was simple to figure that hill was full of gravel, because I used to hunt ground squirrels out there and I saw gravel in the squirrels' burrows. It was simple to rent a dozen trucks. And it is simple to wash gravel and deliver it. The whole thing is simple."

"Go on, you must have twenty thousand dollars in this idiot venture," said papa. "Do not tell me it is simple to borrow that kind of dough on some secondhand washing machines, because it is not."

"It was simple for me," said Joe. "I just went to the Fruitgrowers' National and asked for it."

"The Fruitgrowers' National should have its head examined," said papa. "And I will tell them so tomorrow morning."

"Of course," said Joe. "they know there that I am going to be your son-in-law."

"Oh, they do," said papa. "If it is not asking too much, how did they acquire this priceless bit of information?"

"Papa," said Carmen, "is all ears."

"Because everybody knows I am going to be your son-in-law," said Joe.

"It is strange that this should be common knowledge," said papa, "because not a whisper of it has reached me."

"Now, Mr. Fullerton," said Joe, "fun is fun, like you say, but the deal was I could marry Carmen if I turned into a solid citizen. How solid can I get? I am making twenty thousand, maybe twenty-five, this summer, and I am in two businesses, laundry and gravel. Isn't that big enough?"

"Your gravel is not permanent," said papa.

"Oh, yes it is," said Joe. "I can sell it up and down the coast."

"Six, where is your skipping rope?" asked Carmen.

"In the rumpus-room," I said.

CARMEN said, "Bring it to me. I want to hang myself here where my father can see me dangling."

"Bring two ropes," said Joe, "and we will make it a double ceremony."

"Joe," said papa, "you force me to be blunt. Some day Carmen and sis will come into my properties fifty-fifty. Carmen is not going to be a millionaire, but she is going to be a rich woman. How can I entrust her to a boy who will mortgage her holdings and squander the money on fast-buck propositions like laundries and gravel pits? The boy who marries Carmen is going to have to know how to handle property with due respect."

"This does it, I have had it," said Carmen. "Take me to Tijuana in your truck, Joe."

"Carmen," said mother, "you will do no such thing."

"No, Carmen. Your old man is making sense for the first time," said Joe. "If you are going to inherit a flock of real estate, I ought to know how to handle real estate."

"You admit you are ignorant of it," said papa. "I am," said Joe.

"Well," said papa, "show me you can handle real estate, and you can marry Carmen."

"Oh," said Carmen. "Can you believe for one minute he is sincere? Can't you see he just wants you to fall on your face?"

"Never mind," said Joe. "Judging by the real estate men in this town, real estate is something it will not take me long to learn."

"I am sure it will take you only a month or so," said papa, "to master the complexities of the art."

"Less than that," said Joe. "Oh, Joe," said Carmen, crying.

Joe clicked his heels together and saluted. "I go," he said, "but I shall return."

CHAPTER 8. Daniel Peak was still coming to the house for dinner, although it was all Carmen could bear to look at him.

"Tell me," said papa to Daniel, "what is our friend Joe Harms doing these days?"

"I think he is collecting clouds," said Daniel. "Anyhow, I see him flying around in a helicopter."

"Yes," I said, "he buzzed the house yesterday, and waved at me."

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Continued from page 69

MY BIG SISTER'S ROMANCE

"Carmen, do you hear?" asked papa. "Joseph Harms, the boy genius of real estate, is taking helicopter lessons."

"No, there was a pilot with him, papa," I said, "and a fat man in a hat."

"Well, if he wants to blow his money on helicopters, that is all right with me," said papa. "Although I hoped he would buy vacant lots with it and find it tied up for twenty or thirty years."

"A fool and his money," said Daniel, "are soon parted."

"That is a profound thought," said Carmen. "Is it original?"

CHAPTER 9. So two weeks went by, I remember, because it was my rabbit's birthday.

Then Joe came to the ranch in

a new car. I did not know him, even though I love him with all my heart, he was so dressed up. He had on a blue suit, kind of a silky one, and a white shirt and a dark grey tie. And shoes, all polished.

"I thought I would drop by," said Joe, "and let you know I am a real estate man."

"Well," said papa, "that was quick."

"Joe," said mother, "I never knew you were so handsome. I may marry you myself."

"Mother," said Carmen.

"Sit down and tell us about your new profession, Joe," said papa.

"Have you closed a million-dollar deal yet?"

"No," said Joe, "but I am closing one for five hundred thousand."

"I am all ears," said papa. "Did this happen?"

"Well," said Joe, "I had a deal with Martucci, the paving contractor, and Martucci sent me to a of his in Los Angeles by the name of Ricketts. Ricketts heads up an estate syndicate, and he told me to pick up a hotel site for five hundred thousand, and that was all there is to it."

"Just like that," said papa.

"Well, no," said Joe. "Martucci told Ricketts I am only man in this town who can move on his own two feet, and why Ricketts says I am his man."

"Where do you plan to locate your luxurious new tourist trap?"

papa.

"I think I will buy either grove to the north of yours," Joe, "or the grove just to the south of yours. They both have a beach frontage."

"Oh, I will just love that," said papa. "It will be so soothing to hear rock-and-roll music on the loudspeaker system all night, and all night, and have some climbing my fence to steal my rabbit. Thank you, thank you a thousand times."

"Well," said Joe, "I know I do not want to sell this place, it is part of your legacy to Carmen and sis, you said."

"You just offer me five hundred thousand," said papa, "and you will see how fast I sell it."

"Do you mean that?" said Joe.

"Just flash a cheque," said papa.

"On your word of honor a gentleman?" said Joe.

"On my word of honor a gentleman," said papa. "And I am going to call your bluff, and show Carmen what a faker and phony you are. Because your story is trumped up. You do not have any cheque for five hundred thousand, you will never see a cheque for that much as long as you live."

JOE took a cheque from his wallet. "This is for five hundred thousand," he said. "It is certified."

"Why, it is made out to me," said papa.

"That is right, Dad," said Joe. "Ricketts told me I could get as high as seven hundred and fifty thousand, but I said you would let me out for five hundred thousand because I am a friend of the family. And I am to get twenty per cent of the difference between the sale price and seven hundred and fifty thousand, so I make twenty per cent of one hundred and fifty thousand — in other words, fifty thousand for myself. That is not too bad for my first real-estate transaction."

"Well, dear," said mother to Joe, "you have just sold the roof over our heads."

"Oh, papa," I said, "now what will my rabbit live? And the horses?"

"The question is, where will my poor sister live?" Joe asked. "Carmen, sweetheart, your brave father has just made you a homeless waif. I am afraid you are absolutely going to have to marry me now. At least I can offer you a bed."

"Just so it's a double," said Carmen.

"No twin beds for me," said papa, which is unusual for him. He had not said anything. But at that time he said, "Carmen, I hope you realise you owe all this to your old father. Joe is a changed man, and I am the guy who changed him."

But while papa was saying this, Joe was getting his guitar from his new car. He began to strum. Carmen.

"Why, papa," I said, "I do not see that Joe has changed one single bit."

So now you have the true life story of my sister Carmen's romance.

Papa is buying a new house, my mother and me. Mother says, "Glory, now when I turn on a light I will get more than a trickle."

CHAPTER 10. I am going to be a flowergirl and wear a white organdie.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 22, 1944



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Page 70



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

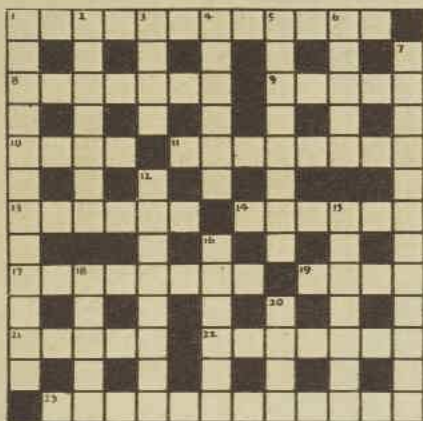
MANDRAKE has been taken prisoner by Max, President Andros' traitorous assistant, who has set in motion a plan to kill the real president. NOW READ ON...



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. This well-known poem by John Milton is read to pals (12).
8. Becomes a soldier (7).
9. This keeps the roots moist (5).
10. Offer to prove at the end of a palaver (4).
11. Red miner (anagr., 8).
13. The glacial period (3-3).
14. Confine with the same ending as 13 across (6).
17. More to the front (8).
19. Irritation in the skin (4).
21. Panegyric given with a piece of un-bewn timber in case (5).
22. Wonder when a car turns in a mile (7).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Acted evasively (12).
2. Mitigate by ever surrounding a false statement (7).
3. Table for a bedside skeleton (4).
4. Near relative employed in hospitals (6).
5. Electrically charged particles on a lighting body produce colored globes for illumination (8).
6. Its days are the time of youth (5).
7. Price list of the police (6).
12. Cause distress if I ever gag (8).
15. A literary composition in a journal (7).
16. Made a deep resonant sound (6).
18. A hydrous sodium carbonate (5).
20. University faculty (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 22, 1964

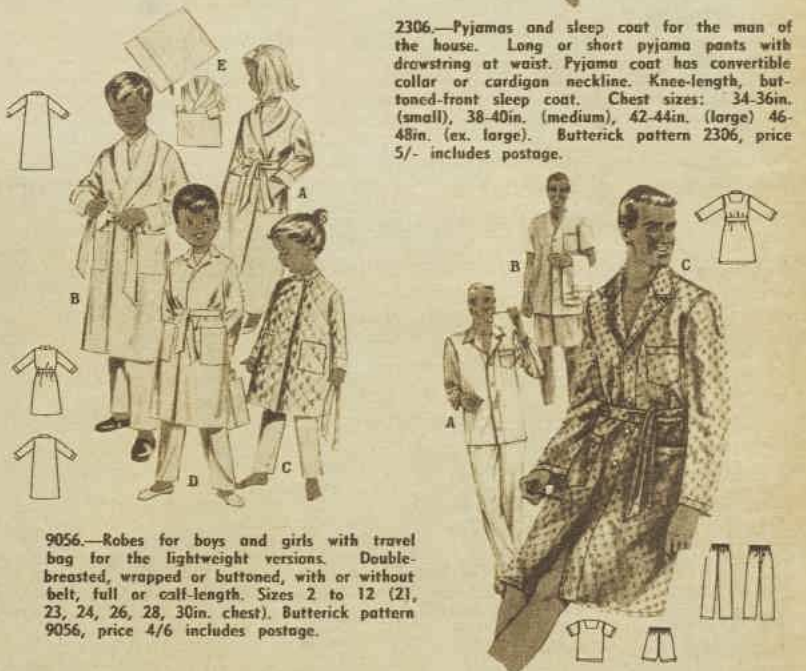
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2887.—Front-buttoned, raglan-sleeved Misses Robe. (A) Mandarin collar, patch pockets. (B) Collarless, self-tie belt. (C) Large platter collar. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40in. bust. Butterick pattern 2887, price 5/- includes postage.



2306.—Pyjamas and sleep coat for the man of the house. Long or short pyjama pants with drawstring at waist. Pyjama coat has convertible collar or cardigan neckline. Knee-length, buttoned-front sleep coat. Chest sizes: 34-36in. (small), 38-40in. (medium), 42-44in. (large) 46-48in. (ex. large). Butterick pattern 2306, price 5/- includes postage.

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2485.—Infant's wear. (A) All-in-one carriage suit with separate cap, attached hand and foot covering, elasticised at back waist. (B) Coveralls. (C) Zippered bunting with separate cap. (D) Sleeper, without cap and hand covering. In one size only for infants from birth to 3 months. Butterick pattern 2485, price 5/- includes postage.

400.—Infant's layette. (A) Long-sleeved dress or nightgown. (B) With puffed sleeves. (C) Potticoat with buttons on shoulders. (D) Pants with button or snap closing. (E) Jacket with three-quarter sleeves. (F) Bonnet with ribbon tie. In one size only. Butterick pattern 400, price 4/6 includes postage.

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